

Children's Newspaper, March 16, 1929

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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SECRET OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY

See
Page
Seven

PETER BENEDEK

THE MAGIC WAND THAT CHANGED HIS LIFE

The Village Artist Who Paints the Village Portraits

A LITTLE SHOW IN BUDAPEST

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Genius, like the wind, bloweth where it listeth.

A few weeks ago the C.N. gave an account of one of the most romantic exhibitions of pictures ever shown, a collection of the paintings of day labourers who had been receiving artistic instruction at evening classes. Lately there has been held in Budapest a one-man show of the work of a Hungarian peasant painter who never had a lesson in his life and never saw a picture gallery till long after he had become a painter of standing.

At Work in Field and Factory

Always, from his earliest childhood, Peter Benedek had loved drawing more than anything. He had saved up his pennies to buy pencils and paper, as other children saved them up to buy sweets, and when his schoolmates played football or went birds-nesting he stayed at home and drew.

Of course his parents had no patience with these goings-on, and on weekdays, at least, he was forced to work in the fields, as befitted a poor peasant's son. For they were poor people, so poor that after a while they found it impossible to live on the produce of their bit of land, and Peter had to go to town to seek work in a factory.

But even then he could not give up his favourite pastime, and there came a day when his drawings attracted the attention of the superintendent, who summoned him to his office. He was ordered to show all his work that he had by him; and he heard with amazement that it was very good.

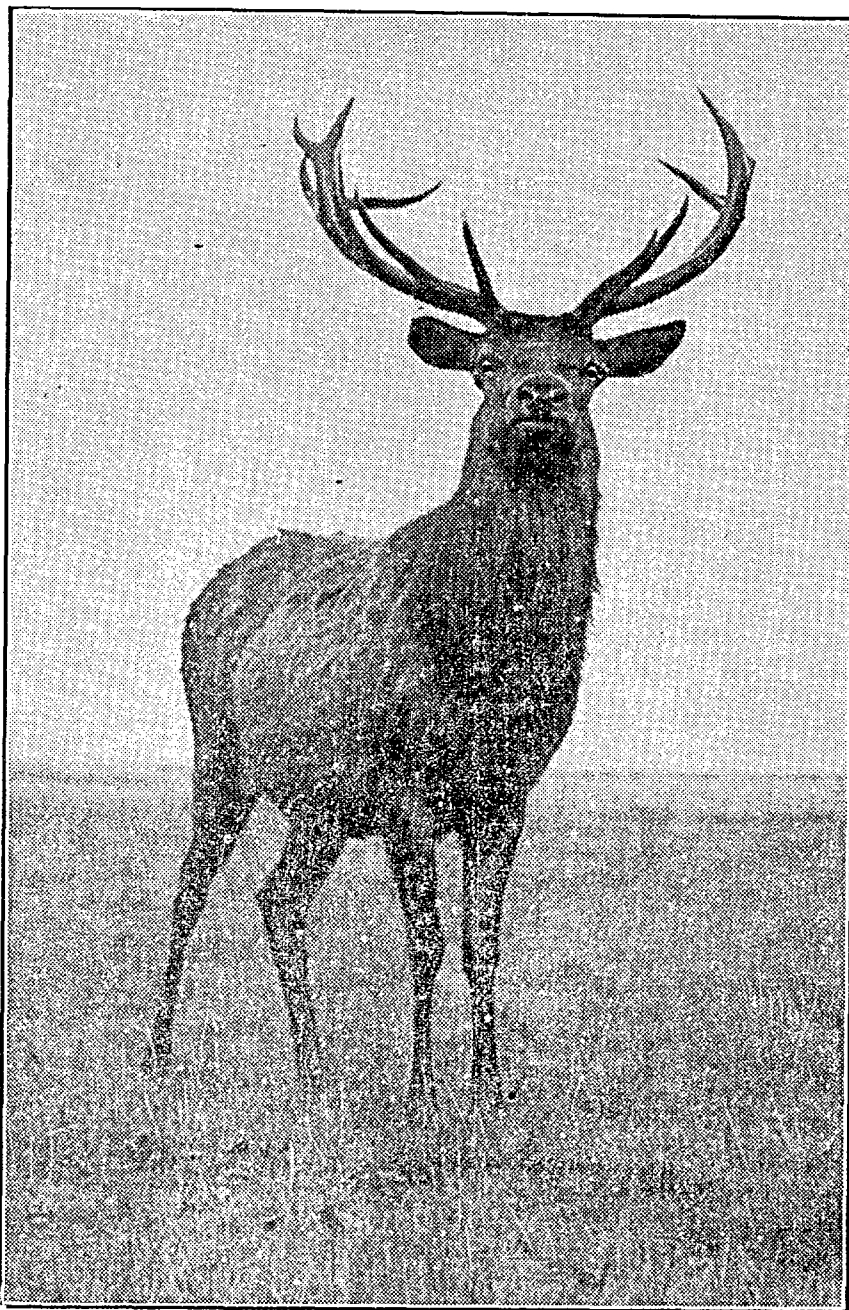
His First Exhibition

From that day on Peter's life was changed as by a magic wand. He was taken from the factory and given freedom and facilities to live for his painting alone. But he was given no artistic instruction; that, it was felt, would only spoil the freshness and originality of his genius.

"I was told," he says a little wonderingly, "that if anyone tried to interfere with the way I did things I was to take a pistol in each hand and shoot him."

Four years ago was held the first exhibition of his paintings. It was opened by the Minister of Education, and drew such crowds that they could hardly move from room to room. In a day his reputation was made, and he was justified not only in the eyes of the scoffers of his native village but also in those of his parents, whom he loves. "Our poet Petofi wrote that no man

A Proud Londoner



This magnificent stag was photographed only eight miles from Charing Cross. Its home is Richmond Park, the wild and beautiful piece of country in Surrey which is a popular resort of Londoners. The park was enclosed by Charles the First as a hunting ground, but now the deer can live in peace by keeping away from the motor roads.

dies without having been happy once," he says. "I can die now, for on that day I was perfectly happy."

He still lives on in his own village, and, though the Government has given him a little freehold cottage, he has no studio, but paints wherever the mood takes him—generally in the poultry yard. The village girls come to him to have their portraits painted. They no longer laugh at him as they used to; but he has not found one among them willing to marry him.

And so this man with the reverent eyes and the slow, honest smile, whose pictures, far from being the crude daubs one might expect, are the most delicate, ethereal interpretations of a vivid and poetic imagination, is in some respects a lonely man. But he has his compensations. To dream dreams, to be

able to turn them into things of beauty for all to see, is not given to everyone; nor to go out and bring back the world's praise to those whom one has to thank for one's existence and to see their anxious disapproval changed into joy and pride.

Two days before this second exhibition of his works Peter Benedek was told that one of the archdukes was coming to the opening. He was silent for an instant, then looked up with a radiant face.

"So is my mother," he said.

And, sure enough, she was there, the little wrinkled peasant woman with a black kerchief on her head; and if the tears rolled down her cheeks as she listened to the things that were being said about her famous son they were happy tears, which glistened where they lay.

SOMETHING GONE OUT OF THE WORLD

A Little Company of Good Folk

HOW THEY ARE REMEMBERED

Sad it is at times to see the long procession of figures passing out of the world, yet how wonderful it is to see that in all the life-stories that come into the papers it is some little touch of character that counts.

We pick up The Times for one day and a great scholar has passed away, Master of Downing College and Principal of University College, Southampton. But above all his learning he is remembered for "his slight, trim figure with its alert movements, his prepossessing features, his courteous and winning manner, and never will they forget his kindness of heart, his sympathetic thoughtfulness for others, and his self-sacrificing zeal in every good cause."

What Lingers in the Mind

A great soldier has passed away, and what lingers in the mind concerning him is that "he had a most tender heart toward the poor. Frequently he tramped through the grim, dark streets of East London, going from shelter to shelter. Often some old soldier who recognised him was made a guinea richer for the chat of old times and the old corps."

A great lawyer has passed away, and of him what we remember is that "as a man he impressed all who knew him by the fine integrity of his character. Tolerant and philosophical in his attitude to life, a good sportsman who loved sport for itself, games for the game's sake, he yet endeared himself most, perhaps, by his qualities of humanity, humour, and gentle courtesy."

Little Things That Count

An old lady has passed away, and of her we read that only a little while ago, although she had attained a great age, she delivered two speeches in the constituency where her son was the Liberal candidate, and urged her audience to become martyrs, if necessary, for the faith handed down to them. "Possessed of a rare gift of sympathy and understanding," we read, "she was one of the most sociable and lovable of people."

A peer's widow has passed away, and we read of her that she had an immense pride in her only son and great hopes for his future, but that when the war slew him, and her husband died too, she carried on with great physical vigour and a mind as active as ever.

It is not high social standing, not great scholarship, not high position in public service, but the little things that count. Clearly something is always going out of the world, and we must try to make up for it.

A TEMPLE ABRAHAM KNEW

ITS 25 CENTURIES OF HISTORY

What the Twentieth-Century Men Read in the Stones of Ur

THE FURNACE LIT IN DANIEL'S TIME

When Abraham sojourned in Ur of the Chaldees a temple to the heathen god of Ur already stood there and had been in the city for so many centuries that Abraham could not have told its history. Mr. Leonard Woolley, of the British Museum, and his fellow-excavators can now tell us what Abraham never knew, and this is the story they tell.

Some 5000 years ago, when Stone Age Men still chipped flints in the caves of Europe, a temple to the Moon God drew worshippers to Ur. It was not a large temple, but it had its priests and its sacred enclosure, and sacrifices were offered at its altars. It was revered, but as the glory of Ur increased it was felt that there should be a greater tower and a finer temple.

Dynasty of Warrior Kings

Ur-Engur, powerful ruler of the Third Dynasty of Ur, built a finer sanctuary and laid the foundations of a greater temple. He did not live to finish his pious work, but his son Dungi built the superstructure that had been planned. He, too, made the great gateway to the temple, furnished chambers for the priests, and in the courtyard set his altar by the side of that of his father. His son Bur-Sin in his turn placed an altar by the side of those of his father and grandfather.

Then this dynasty of warrior kings in Ur perished and was swept away, even as the oldest temple had been, and a king of Isin came to the city and took possession of the sacred place. He did not destroy the temple, but added to its courtyard a brick building, of which none now know the purpose.

Despiser of Old Things

A king who came after him, Sini-dinam of Larsa (he lived 4000 years ago), filled the courtyard still further and for some generations the old temple was left in peace.

But then there came an Elamite king, Warad-Sin, who had a love of building and despised the old things. He set about reforming it. Almost as the builders of new London swept away the old streets of the Strand and raised Bush House in Aldwych, Warad-Sin made for himself almost a new temple out of the old, and his alterations lasted nearly 500 years.

Long after he had been forgotten in Ur, Kuri-Galzu II, a king of Babylon, pulled down what was left of Warad-Sin's temple, and set up a new and simpler one where it had stood. The simple temple lasted longest. Another Babylonian king some 300 years afterwards made a few minor alterations, and an Assyrian Governor did something more four centuries after that, but for 800 years, from 1400 B.C. to 600 B.C., the temple defied time and architects.

When Nebuchadnezzar Came

Then Nebuchadnezzar came and he made great alterations and improvements, building new sanctuaries, raising walls and a new gateway. Nebuchadnezzar passed away, as the Old Testament tells us; and he was the last to build or alter the temple to the Moon God at Ur, which lasted in all for 2500 years before it was lost and became one with the desert.

It has gone; not one stone left on another, but the men of the Twentieth Century have uncovered it and given a new reality to the story of the days of Daniel, and of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-Nego who passed unscathed through the great fiery furnace which raged within sight of its altars.

THE ENGLISH PASHA

Serving Turkey for Forty Years

ADMIRAL MOURNED IN MANY LANDS

With Sir Henry Felix Woods, many wonderful memories have died.

Coming of what he called good old yeoman stock, he ended up as an admiral and a pasha, having served Turkey for 40 years.

Young Woods entered the British Navy in 1858, when ships had wooden walls and iron discipline, and the last man down from aloft in an exercise was flogged.

He was shipmate with a royal duke, and the two boys became great friends. Later the duke commanded the Mediterranean Fleet and made his old messmate his A.D.C.

A Fifteenth-Century Court

Meanwhile, young Woods had made himself a reputation as a practical seaman, and he was asked to serve on an international commission to improve navigation in the Black Sea and Bosphorus. Soon after this he passed into the Ottoman service.

So able was his work that he rose to be a bey, and then a pasha, and represented the Sultan at the coronation of King Edward. He became a member of the Sultan's household, where, he said, he felt he was living in the fifteenth century because the Court was full of plots and foreign spies. Yet he kept the confidence of one Sultan after another.

It was a bitter hour for him when Germany became Turkey's ally, and he saw the Goeben cruising up and down past Therapia. But he lived to see war memories healed, and died in his eighty-seventh year to be mourned by men of many lands.

PITIFUL FLOODS

Blow at a Great Piece of Work

The news from Macedonia of devastating floods is particularly distressing when we read that among the inundated villages are some of those recently built with such toil and trouble by refugees.

These tidings recall that fine bit of constructive work done by the League of Nations, the transformation of hosts of people rendered homeless by the war into settled and self-supporting communities, contributing to the prosperity of the country and steadily paying back every penny that was lent them.

The League will help to bring back happiness to these devastated villages. It is one more evidence of the immense opportunities that await us all in working for the good of all, and fighting for the conquest of Nature instead of the destruction of man.

DR. NANSEN'S DREAM COMES TRUE

Sufficient offers of financial help have now been received by Dr. Nansen to enable him actually to begin building a national home he has so long planned and promised for the Armenians.

Last autumn the German Government offered a long-term credit of £50,000 on the understanding that four other Governments would also help.

Now we hear that France is giving about £2600, Rumania £1000, Luxemburg £200, and Albania £40, while the Greek Government offers free transport.

At this very moment Dr. Nansen's representative is at Erivan, in the Armenian Republic, making the necessary arrangements for a definite beginning of the building-up of this new homeland for a persecuted race. One more piece of good work is thus launched. We should like to feel that our own country was taking part in it.

REPARATIONS

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR BUT ONE

The Thousands of Little Bags That Held 100 Million Francs

CURIOUS LITTLE CRISIS

The most anxious problem with which the world is confronted today remains, as it has been for some years past, that of Reparations, the sum which Germany must pay for the damage she wrought in the war.

The International Commission which is now dealing with the situation is not the first conference on war indemnities in which Germany has had a part.

After her war with France in 1870 she demanded and obtained, in addition to Alsace-Lorraine, two hundred million pounds from France. Then, as now, troops of the victorious army were to remain in possession of some of the territory of the conquered and to be withdrawn only when the sum was paid. The Headquarters Staff was, however, to return to Germany when certain instalments had been received from the debtors.

Comedy and Tragedy

In February, 1871, something like panic was caused in Europe when it was rumoured that France had defaulted, that she would not pay the instalment due, that the Headquarters Staff was not leaving France, but that signs pointed to a possible renewal of hostilities. As a matter of fact, behind the potential tragedy there lay a sad little comedy.

It is true that France was late with her instalment, but the cause, as explained to Bismarck by M. Jules Favre, the French Minister of Finance, was not that the hundred million francs due was not ready for payment, but that there was nothing to contain the sum. There was a famine of canvas. The Bank of France was entirely without money bags. It could not, said M. Favre, pay the sum in one great heap, as that would cause overwhelming inconvenience and loss of time. What was to be done?

Charging for the Money Bags

Bismarck replied that he appreciated the difficulty, and he offered to assist by sending to Germany for canvas for the use of the Bank. M. Favre was grateful but diffident. "You see," he explained, "according to law the Bank of France charges 75 centimes for each money bag." "Very well," replied Bismarck, "we will willingly pay for every bag."

He obtained rolls of canvas from Berlin and had it forwarded to Paris. There it was made up into bags and handed over to the Bank of France. In those bags the Bank of France placed one hundred million francs. Accompanying the money was a bill for 23,500 francs, the charge for the bags containing the money. The account and the laws of France were examined by a legal tribunal and the regulations were found to be as stated by M. Favre. Thereupon the sum was paid for the money bags the canvas for which had been supplied from Berlin.

CALIGULA'S GALLEYS IN SIGHT

Caligula's ships are only just below the horizon.

As Lake Nemi sinks its waters, drained by the pumps into Lake Albano, the ghostly galleys of the emperor grow less like phantoms. On the first day of March it seemed as if a man's arm thrust below the waters might touch the prow of the nearest.

Theirs has been a long voyage. It is two thousand years since they were lost to the sight of men. It would be strange if the fateful Ides of March should bring back to port the ships that an emperor sent on their last voyage—so that Italy's latest Dictator may be enabled to review them!

KILAUEA AWAKES

NEWS FROM AN ANCIENT FRIEND

The Fiery Mountain Captain Cook May Have Seen

SLEEPING GIANT STIRS

Kilauea, the never-sleeping giant of Hawaii, the greatest of the island's volcanoes, is wide awake again, tossing fiery arms hundreds of feet to the skies.

This volcano always holds slumbering fires within the huge saucer, nine miles round, of its crater. It is in appearance the nearest likeness that there is to the vast extinct craters of the Moon's volcanoes. The lava bubbles, smokes, and swells, threatening to overflow the crater's lip, and then sinks down again. At night there is always a dull glow from the internal fires over the many acres of its troubled surface, and from the bed rise here and there fiery fountains. At its heart is the incandescent and ever-troubled Pool of Halemaumau, The House of Eternal Fire.

The Fiery Signal

When, as now, Kilauea awakes, the whole crater is involved. The fiery saucer is on the flank of Mauna Loa, the 13,000-foot mountain of Hawaii. The flames from Kilauea light its wooded sides and naked summit, and when Kilauea's fiery torch gives the signal Mokuawewewo, Hualahai, and Kohala, the little sisters of the giant, join in the great display.

Outpourings of choking vapour rise to make a pall of black cloud, the sides of the craters burst and allow the lava to pour down Mauna Loa's sides, melting the rocks and setting the forest afire. From Kilauea the main lava stream rolls stones in front of it, and pours down to the water's edge.

Miles out at sea the blaze is seen, and days afterwards a ship out of sight of land will steam through fields of floating pumice that has come from the House of Fire.

Half an Army Destroyed

Kilauea had an eruption just three years ago. Then its fountains of lava swept in a stream across the coast, wiping out villages and coffee plantations. The present outburst is the seventh in 130 years, and one of them destroyed half an army, that of Hawaii's greatest chieftain, Kamehameha. Today Professor Jaggar, a volcanologist, or student of volcanoes, with a staff of airmen, watches over Kilauea, to examine the giant in rest and at work.

It is strange to recall that Captain Cook must have seen Kilauea, and his dying eyes may have been turned toward Mauna Loa from Owhyhee beach, where he met his death on St. Valentine's Day nearly 150 years ago.

THINGS SAID

I have been perfectly happy without a husband. *Miss Elizabeth Budd, aged 100*

I wrote to my mother every day from 1877 to 1925.

Lord Haldane in his Autobiography

The world must still come to England if it wants the best glass.

Sir Francis Joseph

In many a meal a little love is the ingredient which is lacking.

Mr. A. N. Craig

I believe that English will soon be raised to the rank, honour, and dignity of a world language.

Professor Zachrisson of Upsala

Last year's British trading shows a balance of £150,000,000 on the credit side.

President of the Board of Trade

We hope that in 18 months you will be able to leave London and be in Central Africa in seven days.

Sir Alan Cobham

March 16, 1929

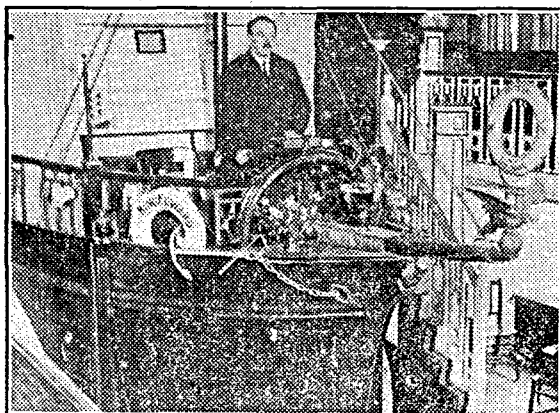
The Children's Newspaper

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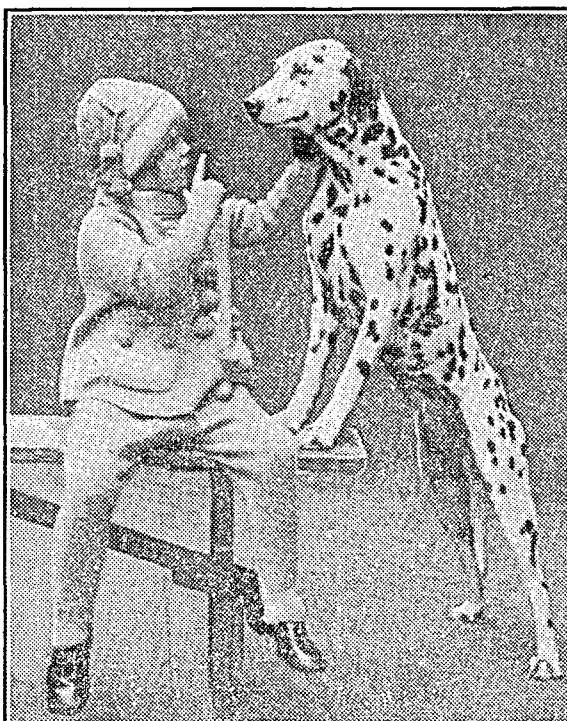
A QUAINP PULPIT · THE COUNTRY COMES TO LONDON · THE BLUE BIRD



Police Recruits—Training, to be effective, must be begun as early as possible. These puppies have already started to receive instruction that will enable them to become police dogs.



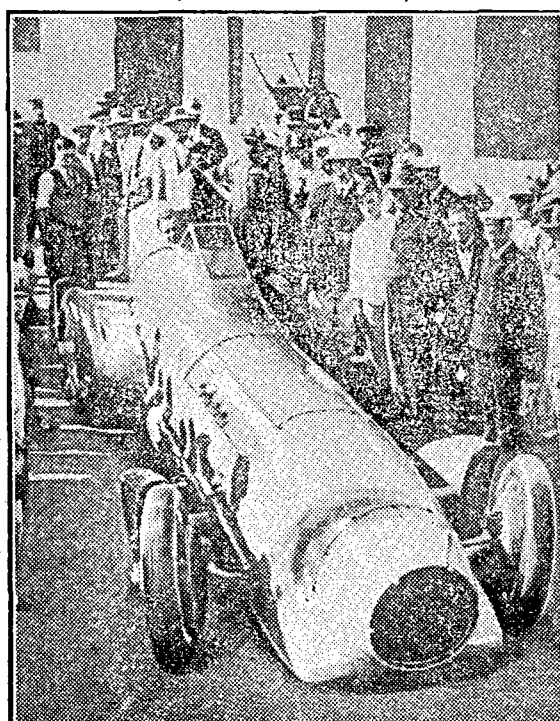
A Quaint Pulpit—The little chapel of the Sailor's Hostel at Falmouth in Cornwall has its pulpit shaped like the bows of a vessel, as will be seen in this picture.



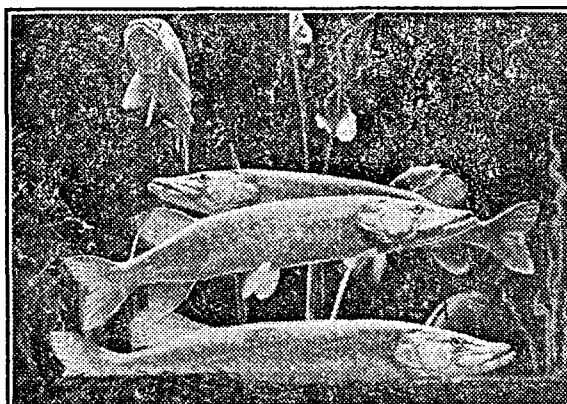
A Lesson in Deportment—This Dalmatian, or plum-pudding dog, is listening very attentively to its friend giving directions for winning a prize at a dog show.



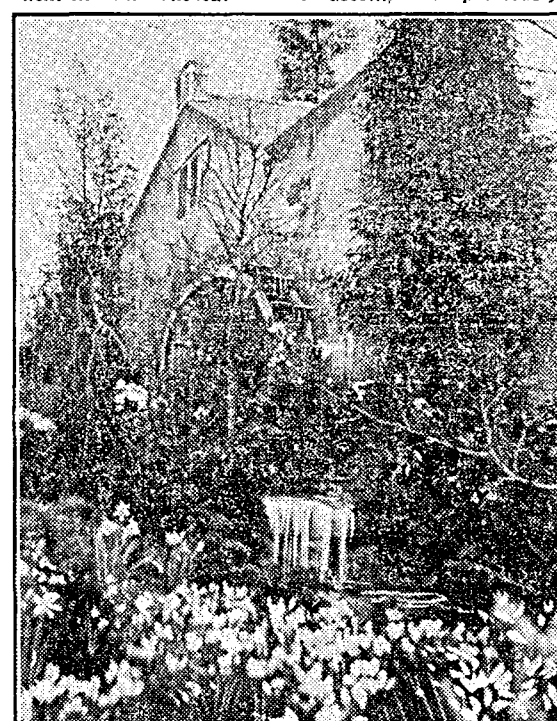
Cycling Across the Channel—The rider of this queer machine is a Frenchman who proposes to cycle across the Channel next month. The feat has been accomplished previously.



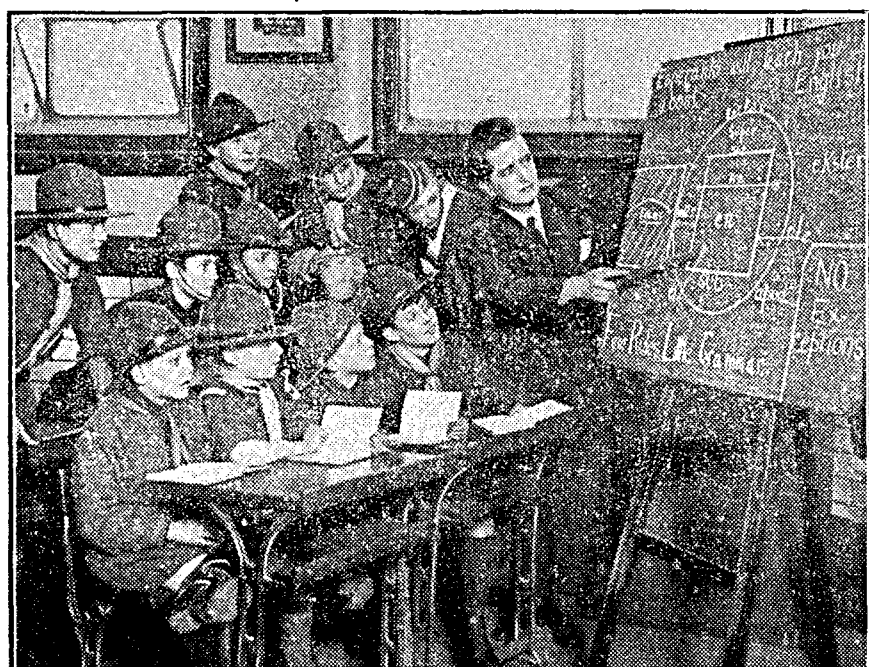
The Blue Bird—Here is Captain Malcolm Campbell at Cape Town in his famous racing car Blue Bird which he took to Africa to attack the world's speed record at Verneuk Pan.



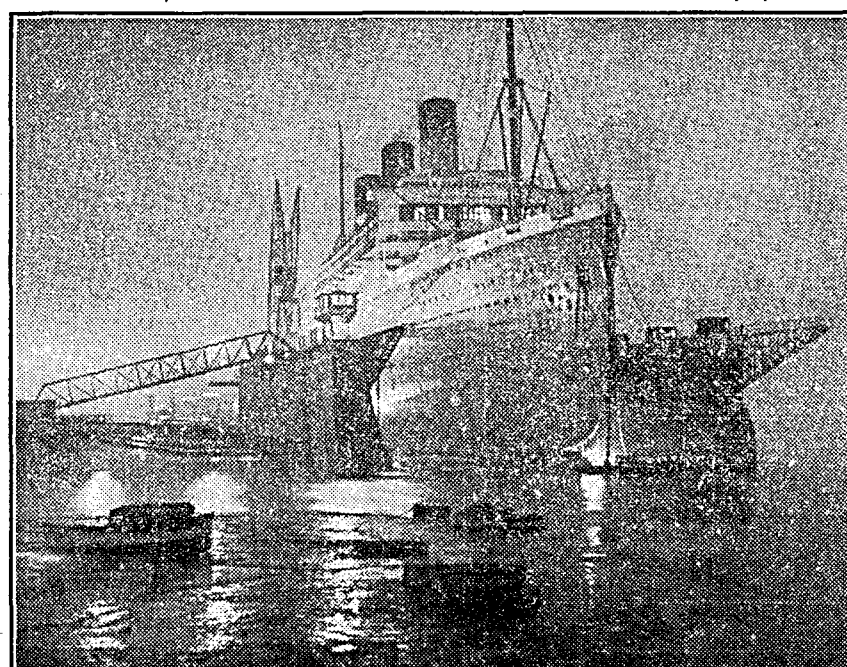
Quite at Home—It almost appears as if these fish are dummies. They are, however, live pike, photographed while swimming in their tank at the London Zoo Aquarium.



The Country in London—This beautiful little glimpse of an old mill with a water-wheel can now be seen in London. It is in the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia.



The Universal Language for Scouts—The great Scout Jamboree at Birkenhead in August will bring together boys from all parts of the world, so the Scouts of Conway Street Central School at Birkenhead are being given lessons in Esperanto, as this picture shows.



The Majestic By Night—When the Majestic was being overhauled at Southampton a thousand men were employed night and day. Here the ocean giant is seen in floating dock by night with powerful lights to enable the decorators to carry on with their work.

KING THEEBAW'S DAUGHTER

WANTING A KINGDOM BACK

How Her Father Was Put Down From His Throne

BURMA'S TRANSFORMATION

The dullness of the inferior types of kings has always been unfathomable, though the best types are very bright. The Bourbons were said to have learned nothing and to have forgotten nothing, and the jibe seemed an exact truth.

Now there comes from very far East a quaint example. Princess Myatpayagalay, the fourth daughter of Theebaw, the last King of Burma, has asked Sir John Simon's Commission to recommend the restoration of her family to the throne of Burma, and we should not wonder if there are those in England who will ask: Why not?

Forced Into Wars

Burma was annexed by Great Britain just 43 years ago. It had been, as long back as European knowledge extends, one of the worst governed parts of the Earth. It was incessantly at war. It was aggressive towards all its neighbours, and by its aggressions it reached the borders of British India. Its kings did not understand that they could no longer spread their depredations in that direction. They forced us into wars of defence.

In 1825, 1852, and 1885 we were compelled to force reasonable behaviour on an utterly misgoverned and miserable land, and by the last war we dethroned King Theebaw, took charge of his almost ruined land, and placed him in exile in India.

It took four or five years of strenuous work to enable the Burmese people to settle down in peace and show how their good qualities had been obscured by bad government. In no part of the world has progress been more remarkable.

Forgetting the Past

Burma has become a happy land. Its population has increased as fast as the population of Egypt increased when British control brought prosperity there. And now, forgetful of the fact that royal family murders by the reigning king was a commonplace event in the bad old days, the Theebaw family is asking for the Government clock to be put back half a century and for Burma to be given back to them.

And in face of all that has been it will not be surprising if some people who never judge by facts should ask: Why not?

JACK FROST AND HIS BILL

When father received the plumber's bill in March he knew more or less what the frost of February had cost him in burst pipes and their mending.

It was only a part of the cost. There was the moral and intellectual damage of going without baths for several days. There was the damaged ceiling. There were the ruined bath-towels used to mop up the flood.

Many, many other damages there were, loss of time, loss of temper, perhaps a chill and a doctor's bill. But if these were one family's experiences, what did the frost cost the whole country?

The Liverpool Corporation water engineer reported 10,000 burst water-pipes from February 11 to February 25. There were also 45 million gallons of water lost.

If this happened in Liverpool what was London's bill for burst pipes, frozen cisterns, and exploded water mains? And what did it cost the whole of England? Enough to take something off the income-tax or pay for a year's Penny Post.

A CRY IN THE KINEMA

Bringing Back the Past

THE TSAR'S GUARD ON THE SCREEN

A strange thing happened in a Hungarian kinema hall the other day.

Instead of the weekly news-film, showing people laying foundation-stones and rowing races today, the proprietor had the entertaining idea of showing a news-film made in the war. People would smile at the old-fashioned dresses, he thought.

A part of the film showed the murdered Tsar and Tsaritsa of Russia inspecting a hospital. Suddenly there came a scream from part of the house, and people started to shout for a doctor.

An elderly man in shabby clothes had collapsed. A doctor chanced to be in the audience and rendered first-aid. When the man recovered consciousness he began to weep, and at last was able to explain what had given him so great a shock. He had just seen himself on the screen, younger, prosperous, and wearing the uniform of the Tsar's Guard. He had been commandant of the hospital inspected by their Majesties that day now so long ago.

A Memory of Happy Days

He had been obliged to leave Russia during the revolution, and had made a poor living in an alien land. The film had brought back the memory of his former happiness too poignantly.

When they were new inventions the kinematograph and the gramophone seemed merely wonderful toys. Enough time has now gone by to let us see that they may also serve as historical records. Caruso is dead, but we can still hear him sing; and the Tsar is dead, but we can still see him move and smile.

Of course, people foresaw that these inventions would provide records of our day for those who will come after us, but the pathetic scene in the Hungarian kinema turns this vague prophecy into a living fact.

C.N. FLAG PUZZLE

Important Announcement

Owing to a mechanical error the dark blues appeared as purples in a few copies of some of the plates in the C.N. puzzle of flags and countries. There is no purple in any of the flags, so there should be no confusion. Of course this will not affect the judging of the contest in any way; those who have copies in purple should regard the purple as blue.

The sixth and last colour plate appears this week. Be sure that it is in your copy of the C.N.

Follow carefully the conditions given on this plate and post your sheets (to arrive not later than Thursday, March 21) to

Children's Newspaper Flags,
5 Carmelite Street,
London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

In pasting down the sections of the flags please be sure they are well fastened.

The contest is open to boys and girls at school or to private pupils under regular tutors, and £460 is offered in prizes: £50 for the best attempt by a girl and £50 for the best by a boy, £25 each for the next best boy and girl, ten prizes of £10 each for the next best whether boys or girls, twenty prizes of £5, and fifty prizes of £1.

The teachers of the first-prize-winning boy and the first-prize-winning girl will receive £20 each, the teachers of the second-prize-winners will be given £10 each, and there will be ten sets of the Children's Encyclopedia for the teachers of the winners next in merit.

In case of ties the awards will be judged by neatness and the prizes may be divided.

JOAN OF DOMREMY

The Pilgrimage of the Maid

DESCENDANT OF HER BROTHER LIVING

Joan of Arc belongs to France, and France has just kept the 500th anniversary of the day when the peasant girl of Domremy set out to ride from Vaucouleurs to save France and succour a foolish King.

After these 500 years Joan belongs not to France alone but to the whole world which loves courage and devotion and truth. France abandoned her, Burgundy betrayed her, the English and the Churchmen sent her to the stake.

Today not one of those countries, nor any country in the world, thinks of her as other than a heroine, and in one of them, which was not her own, she was first called a Saint.

Today it is perhaps the British people, with their own saints among women (Florence Nightingale and Nurse Cavell, for example), who most applaud her bravery and patriotism. But France is eager now to do her honour, and in these celebrations the stages of her 400-miles ride have been marked with pageants and memorial tablets.

Her deeds and her death were Joan's best memorial, but after it was too late Charles the Seventh ennobled her brother in recognition of her heroism. It is said that a descendant of the brother still lives, under the name of André du Lys, a simple farmer near St.-André-de-l'Eure. If Joan had lived we think she too, when her work was done, would have gone back to her farm.

KING OF THE CARGO STEAMERS

Billy Smith's Career

Billy Smith went away to sea. He did not run away, or he would not now be Sir William Reardon Smith, the owner of the largest fleet of cargo steamers in the world.

Billy had lost his father, and his mother had seven others to keep besides himself. So Billy, twelve years old, and with a serious head on his young shoulders, thought the best thing he could do for the family was to take a job as a cook's boy on a small vessel.

From cook's boy in 1868 he rose to be a captain, and for over thirty years he sailed the sea. Then he retired from it but not from shipping.

He had been a fine commander afloat. He now employs 2000 officers and men in his forty vessels, and has greatly deserved his knighthood. The latest honour that has fallen to him, sixty years since he went away to sea, is that of being made President of the National Museum of Wales, for which he has collected £100,000.

THE CAPTAIN OF LIFE

Once Captain of the Lusitania

All the world honours a brave man, and all the world loves a life-saver. Sir Arthur Rostron, commander of the Berengaria, and now Commander of the Legion of Honour, is both.

It was he who, commanding the Carpathia, rescued 700 people from the sinking Titanic. He has saved more lives than any other captain afloat.

For that the United States Congress thanked him. Great Britain knighted him after he had made 240 crossings in the Mauretania, and before he commanded that ship he had been captain of the ill-fated Lusitania. In the war he took troops to the Dardanelles.

175 FOR 72

QUEER CRICKET

Batsmen by the Hundred on a Pitch in the Pacific

A GREAT GAME AT LEVUKA

During the winter of our discontent cricket is being played in glorious summer in parts of the world more favoured at this time of the year.

Not only have we a Test team in Australia, but a second team is learning once more how proficient the players of Jamaica have become. Cricket scores make cheery reading for winter evenings.

From time to time our Test team meets up-country clubs in Australia, where the wickets are curiosities and the players many, but not yet come to first-class status. So the local people put eleven men into the field when we bat, then by agreement call on the services of varying numbers of batsmen in excess of the customary eleven. The same thing happens at home, of course, at the beginning of a season when, in order to test their young players, county elevens are pitted against 22 colts.

Matches that Last for Weeks

This elasticity in numbers attains its highest power in some of the Pacific Islands. There a cricket match may resemble the old festival football matches of England and Scotland, played once a year, not by elevens or fifteens but by the entire able-bodied population of a village. The difference is, however, that whereas the football match must finish in a single day a native cricket match in the Pacific, with hundreds to bat on either side, might last weeks.

So ardent grew the native love of cricket and so frequent and protracted were their matches, that steps had to be taken from time to time to limit, if not the number of games, at any rate the number of players and the days over which the games could extend.

Cricket in the Wilds

A month of not very hard work may suffice to keep the islanders in comfort for a year, but that month must not be interrupted by sport. There is no merrier account of native cricket than that described in his Reminiscences by Mr. S. M. J. Woods, the famous old Somerset and Cambridge captain.

Although he captained England's Rugby football team, Mr. Woods played cricket for Australia against England while resident here, but it was in his native Australia that he learned the rudiments of his game and there, of course, that he gained his first insight into cricket as played in the wilds.

Christmas in Fiji

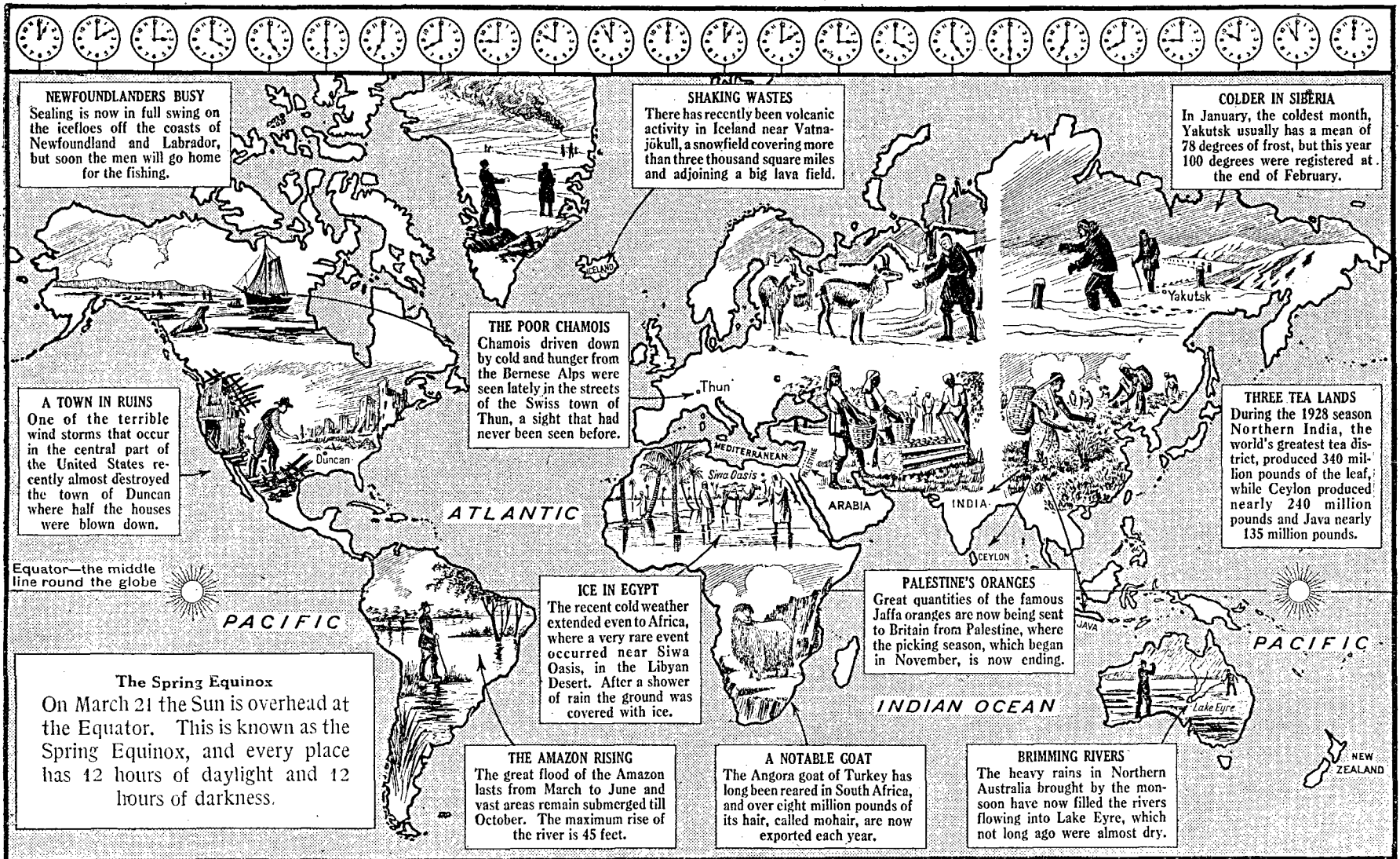
While still a youth he was taken during his Christmas holidays to Levuka, in the Fiji Islands, and there he was asked to play cricket for the whites against the natives. The Fijians won the toss and batted all day. "When I left after the first day's play," says Mr. Woods, "the score, as far as I remember, was 175 for 72."

The home side was not nearly all out, and Mr. Woods is suspicious to this day that some of the natives went in at least twice to bat, but they were so much alike that none of the white men could tell one from another. No one was particular about averages in those days, so no one cared. The white men had had a unique experience and thoroughly enjoyed it. Cricket is cricket wherever played, no matter by whom.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Chambezi	Cham-bee-ze
Erzeroum	Erz-room
Kamehameha	Kah-mae-hah-mae-hah
Siwa	See-wah
Taurus	Taw-rus
Thun	Toon
Upsala	Up-sah-lah
Vaucouleurs	Vo-koo-ler

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



RUMANIA'S LEAD

First Country to Carry Out Its Promises

MAKING THE PEACE REAL

Rumania has made up its mind to put the Peace Pact into practice.

It has sent a notice to the League of Nations stating that it is ready to make treaties with all States, whether members of the League or not, for the peaceful settlement of disputes on the models drawn up by the last Assembly.

There are three of these models on which the new Government of Rumania is ready to base the treaties, and two of them include the undertaking to submit all legal disputes to the Permanent Court of Justice or to some tribunal of arbitration.

Rumania is the first country to respond to the proposal made by the Assembly that all its members should further its work for arbitration and security in this way. She has gone still further, and has announced herself ready to conclude with all States still more treaties, on models laid down, which strengthen the means of preventing war by increasing the authority of the League in times of crisis and giving power to the Council to dictate an armistice.

POOR PIT PONIES

Sixty Down With Influenza

Man is not the only creature to suffer from wintry troubles.

We hear of sixty pit ponies at Abercynon Colliery who are ill with influenza, and there have been a few cases of frost-bitten tails among the monkeys at the Zoo. It seems that circulation tends to be defective in a tail, and that is perhaps why the apes decided long ago to do without such an embellishment.

We are sorriest for the pit ponies. It is a bad thing to have influenza, but it must be worse still when you only get well in order to be a pit pony again.

CAN MATTER KILL MIND?

The Supreme Thing in the Universe

The Editor of the C.N. asked a famous scientist the question at the top of this column and his answer included words written on an earlier occasion by the Editor. Here is what the Editor said:

Matter can try as hard as it likes, through war and tyranny and ignorance and disease, but it will never kill the spirit or the mind of man. Whatever the War Men do, however the devil may get hold of the reins of power, mind will come out on top. Civilisation will not go down. Nothing can conquer mind, the supreme thing in the Universe, the instrument fashioned by the Creator for the accomplishment of His purpose.

The scientist's most interesting answer to the Editor's question is given in the April number of My Magazine, which also contains the following among a long list of contents:

A HARD LAND OF BRAVE MEN.

Life in the Oldest Part of the Empire.

THE MISSING ANIMALS AT THE ZOO.

Six Things Badly Wanted in London.

THE MAN WHO HOAXED THE CENTURIES.

The Queer Story of Sir John Mandeville.

THE GREATEST SCANDAL OF ALL TIME.

What to Do With the Unemployed.

THE ROAMING WILD FOLK IN THE HEART OF AUSTRALIA.

A Great Problem for the Empire.

EVERLASTING PICTURES.

Reproductions from the Exhibition of Dutch Art.

SHALL WE TELL THE FUTURE?

If you are a reader of My Magazine you know already what a store of good things it contains each month. If you have not seen the C.N.'s monthly companion, you can make good the loss by ordering it now.

Ask for My Magazine.

KINDNESS HELPS GENIUS

A Princess at the Piano

For the first time in history, we think, a king's daughter has played in public.

Princess Marie José is an exceptionally brilliant pianist, and because she loves music so much she cannot bear to think of people who have musical gifts but are too poor to develop them. To raise funds for musical scholarships a concert was given in Brussels, and the princess ensured its success by consenting to play.

Although most of the seats cost nearly £3 the place was crowded. The golden-haired princess played something from Schumann, and critics said her interpretation was full of a sensitive feeling for rhythm, cadence, and colour. She had a tremendous reception and, what was more important in her opinion, she raised a big sum for the cause.

She did the world another good turn at the same time, for she induced hundreds of people to listen to good music.

COMPANY WITH A SOUL

The Southern Does a Kind Thing

People living near Box Hill Station were sorry to hear from time to time of animals killed on the electrified track.

This week it was a dog, last week a couple of badgers, and before that a splendid otter—so the talk ran.

At last one of the residents took up the cause of his four-footed neighbours and wrote to the General Manager of the Southern Railway, Sir Herbert Walker, telling him of the tragedies at Box Hill.

Immediately gangers were instructed to place two extra strands of wire along the fencing and add a batten at the foot of the fence. Moreover a promise was given that in future extensions a form of fencing which should keep animals off the line would be used.

After this kindly action we shall no longer believe the old saying that a company has no soul to be saved.

MUSSOLINI TAXES THE BACHELORS

When Scotland Did the Same Thing

When national finances are low and many minds are intent on suggesting new sources of revenue for the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget three subjects are almost certain to reappear in the scheme of possibilities. People always write to the papers suggesting that cats, bachelors, and bicycles should be taxed.

Signor Mussolini has not waited for suggestion or budget but is taxing the bachelors of Italy and taxing them roundly. Example is contagious, and as the new impost of the Italian Premier has attracted great attention we may possibly see it extended to other countries.

We have never had a form of tax on the bachelors of Great Britain—at any rate not by that name. Practical Scotland, however, once established a system which was even more thoroughgoing than Italy's.

It was in what presumably would be called the "good old times" of Scotland, toward the close of the 13th century. An Act passed by the Scottish Parliament ordained that every maiden lady of both high and low estate "shall have liberty to bespeak the man she likes." If he refused to marry her he was condemned to pay a fine of £100 or less, as his estate might be. The only lawful excuse he could make was that he was already engaged. In that case he was free.

How long that law lasted does not appear clear.

A BUSY YEAR ON THE AIRWAYS

During last year 22,388 passengers arrived in Britain by air and 21,112 left. Goods worth over two million pounds were imported and £599,380 worth were exported.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 16 1929

A Word From Dr. Nansen

There have lain on our desk a long time a few good words from Dr. Nansen to the boys of Bembridge School.

As a salute to this great man of the world the Bembridge boys made a model of his famous Fram and took it to him.

This is what they said to him

At the end of the war you led the world in the attempt to fight disease, famine, and pestilence. You took under your care the oppressed remnant of the Armenian nation. Today you are the foremost champion of those who seek to make brotherhood a reality and to banish war from the Earth.

And this is what he said to them

I must express my admiration for the manner in which you have carried out your work, and finished it in every detail.

This is a remarkable proof of the right spirit in young people; an exquisite training for making men. I do hope it will be the guiding spirit in the future life of all of you.

You are young; you have the life ahead of you with all its wonderful possibilities and adventure. I am sure that some day some of you may become great explorers in one field or other. We are all of us explorers in life, whatever trail we follow.

But, whether explorer or not, I have one advice to give you: stick to the work you begin in life till the task is finished, and finished well. Go into it with your whole heart and your whole mind. Do not do things by halves. It is really remarkable how much you learn by doing a thing well. I am convinced that this is an important secret of success in life, and it will give you the satisfactory feeling that you quit yourselves like men.

It is a difficult time you are living in, no doubt, and the world does not give you a bright outlook just now perhaps. But it is an interesting time, many important things are happening, and it is full of great problems for you to solve. It is you who have to create the future, and make the world a better place to live in.

A thing of special importance is, I think, to do all we can to create a better understanding and more confidence between nations, and in that way a fuller cooperation between them.

You have in your young age come to my country. I hope you will return home with nice recollections of old Norway and her people, and with the feeling that you have visited a kindred race. I hope that that feeling will last for life, and that you will as men do your share to strengthen the good relations between all peoples, and thus help to create a solid foundation for a betterment of the world.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Someone to Everyone

SOMEONE has given Everyone a new and splendid present.

This Someone is Mr. F. J. Hayes, who has given the nation a lovely little promontory on Lake Windermere where there will be braziers and an incinerator.

Braziers? Certainly, so that Everyone may boil a kettle for his picnic tea. Incinerator? Yes, for Everyone's orange peel and paper bags.

Nearly the whole shoreline of England's largest lake is privately owned, and people could not land without being trespassers, so the three woody acres of Bee Holme will be a holiday-maker's paradise.

The P.O. and the Busy Man

NOBODY seems to be quite sure whether the Post Office really did sell 250 stamps for a pound in the old days. We hope it did, for it is pleasant to think of the Post Office doing something for the poor man.

To us it would be pleasanter still to think of the Post Office doing something for the busy man. What is it doing now? It sells him a book of stamps which he must renew every day or two, so paltry is it—and half advertisements too. Will the P.M.G. please earn the thanks of thousands of busy people by giving us a book of 200 stamps instead of two dozen?

It would go into very little space. It would be a boon and a blessing to us all. It would cost the Post Office nothing to speak of, and it could count as the day's good deed while we are waiting for the Penny Post.

The Brothers

When Brother Snow is on the mountains

A purer white there could not be;
When Brother Snow is in the city
A dull discoloured thing is he.

When Brother Sun is up and shining
His light is golden everywhere;
He gleams alike on slum and meadow
And seems to turn the foul to fair.

O innocence so soon corrupted,
The world seeks aid in vain from you;
Men need the braver kind of goodness,
Unstained though tried, and ever true.

Other Parties Please Copy

We cannot refrain from copying this note from the programme of the Labour Party.

NOR can the party be indifferent to the needless suffering today endured by animals. In common with most persons of humanity it regards the infliction of cruelty upon them, whether under the name of sport or for purposes of profit, as barbarous and repulsive, and it will welcome the extension of protective legislation designed to prevent it.

Nothing is lost on a journey by stopping to pray or to feed your horse.

Odd

WHAT is the oddest experience that anyone can have?

There must be almost a million answers to a question like that, but we thought of one the other day when we passed a house with a small gasometer right in front of it.

One morning a man will wake up in this house with a green field in front of him, and the next day he will wake up staring at a solid wall.

Tip-Cat

TO a correspondent: The Earth is probably called *she* because nobody is sure of her age.

WE shall before long move into better times, Mr. Baldwin assures us. Some of us would like to move into better houses.

AN American Senator has discovered that Britain could destroy the Panama Canal in five hours. Our own view is that we shall never do it under six.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



What a man does with his hat when he loses his head

as anything else. Yet it can only be half and half.

A LADY asks Should children go out in foggy weather? Not if it is still best for them to be seen and not heard.

THE letters Abraham Lincoln never wrote seem to throw doubt on the stories he never told.

The Bishop's Chance

I WAS born at a point equidistant from Marlborough Street Police Court and St. James's Workhouse. My father understood that the workhouse would look after me if I failed, and if I did badly the police court was open. The Bishop of Worcester

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

TWO unknown friends have given two million francs to be spent in improving Lucerne.

AFTER listening to a ten-minute lecture on sunlight rays a London butcher gave £10,000 for free ray treatment to the poor.

A FRENCH and a German general have been touring Europe advocating peace.

EASTBOURNE has prohibited the use of steel gins for trapping animals on its public land.

Attention!

HAVE you seen in windy weather
How the idle daffodillies
Seem to lay their heads together
Or to gossip with the lilies?

You can see them shake with laughter
At some whispered tale of clowning;
Nod agreement, and thereafter
Toss in scorn instead of frowning.

But the crocus never alters,
Straight and stiff he stands for ever,
Never nods, nor droops, nor falters,
Laughs nor whispers—never, never!

Little soldier at attention,
Guard of honour for the Maytime,
Will you never get your pension,
And dismiss, and have a play time?

Country Girl

Hands

By a Cambridge Visitor

BUYING an old knocker in the shape of a hand in Cambridge the other day, somehow it turned our thoughts to the subject; and we came to the conclusion that there were several hands worthy of praise in the University. For instance:

The pious hand, to us unknown, which had arranged so cunningly a posy of early spring flowers—red tulips and yellow narcissus—and placed them in a gleaming bowl on a gilded table in front of a blue and gold medieval picture in the Fitzwilliam Museum.

The clever musical hand that turned the pages of music so promptly one afternoon at Evensong at King's College Chapel, the hand of Dr. Mann, the famous organist there, singing in the lovely candlelight with his choir, unaccompanied, as if he had been about seventeen instead of over seventy!

And what shall we say of those hands we watched passing us in a flash on the Cam, the hands of the rowers in the Varsity boat?

Strong hands, obedient to discipline, toiling in the cause of the Whole. We know we are very glad indeed to have seen them.

The New Paving

By Peter Puck

The rubber blocks laid a year ago in Thurloe Place are wearing well.

In Thurloe Place (O sweet abode!)
Neat blocks of rubber pave the road,
And there the biggest motor-bus
Goes by without the slightest fuss.
The roar of wheels on wood or pavé
Is harmful to the nerves, vous savez;
Such noisy streets I call disgraces,
Would all were paved as Thurloe Place is!

*My aunt weighs eighteen stone eight ounces,
And when she tumbles there, she bounces.*

A Prayer for a Little Lamb

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb tonight;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

Mary Lundie Duncan

MISS HUNGARY A LITTLE SERVICE TO HER COUNTRY

First "Vive la Hongrie" Heard
in France Since the War

HOW IT CAME

By Our Hungary Correspondent

*Her arms across her breast she laid :
She was more fair than words can say,
Barefooted came the beggar maid
Before the King Cophetua.*

*In robe and gown the king stepped down
To meet and greet her on her way.
It is no wonder, said the lords :
She is more beautiful than day.*

The lovely old story of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid has just happened over again.

Great beauty is a gift like any other, a very precious one, for it gives joy to all who see it. A little Hungarian girl named Betty Simon had received full measure of it and running over; but she had so many other things besides (health, and high spirits, and a keen interest in her studies) that the idea of being beautiful occupied her mind but little. Which is as it should be.

Many Nations

But we live in an age of competitions and contests, and the day came when people in many nations, not content to measure against each other their chess-players and tennis champions, their fencers, and swimmers and cricketers, wished also to know how they stood in regard to physical beauty. So they looked around among their prettiest girls and, agreeing on the prettiest of all, sent her forth to represent them at an international competition.

Hungary had never been invited to these competitions. But this year a patriotic Hungarian procured her an invitation. Amid feverish excitement the country was ransacked for a worthy "Miss Hungary" to go out and meet Miss England, Miss France, and so on, in Paris, and the choice fell on Betty Simon. Surprised, but modest, she travelled to Paris with her mother.

Triumphs Like a Dream

And then the incredible happened. King Cophetua stooped down and lifted the beggar maid to his throne. The little unknown Hungarian girl was chosen by a large majority from among 17 competitors to be the Queen of Beauty for all Europe.

What came after that must still seem to her like a dream. From the moment when the Paris crowd all but broke in the doors to lift her on its shoulders, life was one delicious series of triumphs. President Doumergue invited her to a private audience, her own Legation gave a party in her honour, presents showered upon her.

Yet her 19-years-old head is not turned. "What matters (she says) is not that Betty Simon has become 'Miss Europe,' but that thousands of people who yesterday knew nothing of Hungary are thinking of her today with interest and friendliness."

France Cheers Hungary

It is this friendliness which is so remarkable. The French might very well have been piqued by this little stranger from an ex-enemy country snatching away a palm which they must surely have counted on for their own candidate; yet they have shown her nothing but overflowing kindness.

When, on the day after the election, "Miss Europe" came out on the balcony she was greeted with frenzied shouts of "Vive la Hongrie!" to which she jubilantly carolled back "Vive la France!" May not Betty Simon, eliciting the first cheers for her country heard in France since the war, contribute her mite to the good understanding of the nations, and become a tiny rivet in the edifice of peace which humanity is so laboriously trying to build up in Geneva?

THE LITTER LOUT AT LANSDOWNE HOUSE

We have never imagined that there was any limit to the ways of the Litter Lout, but we confess ourselves astounded at what we saw at Lansdowne House the other day.

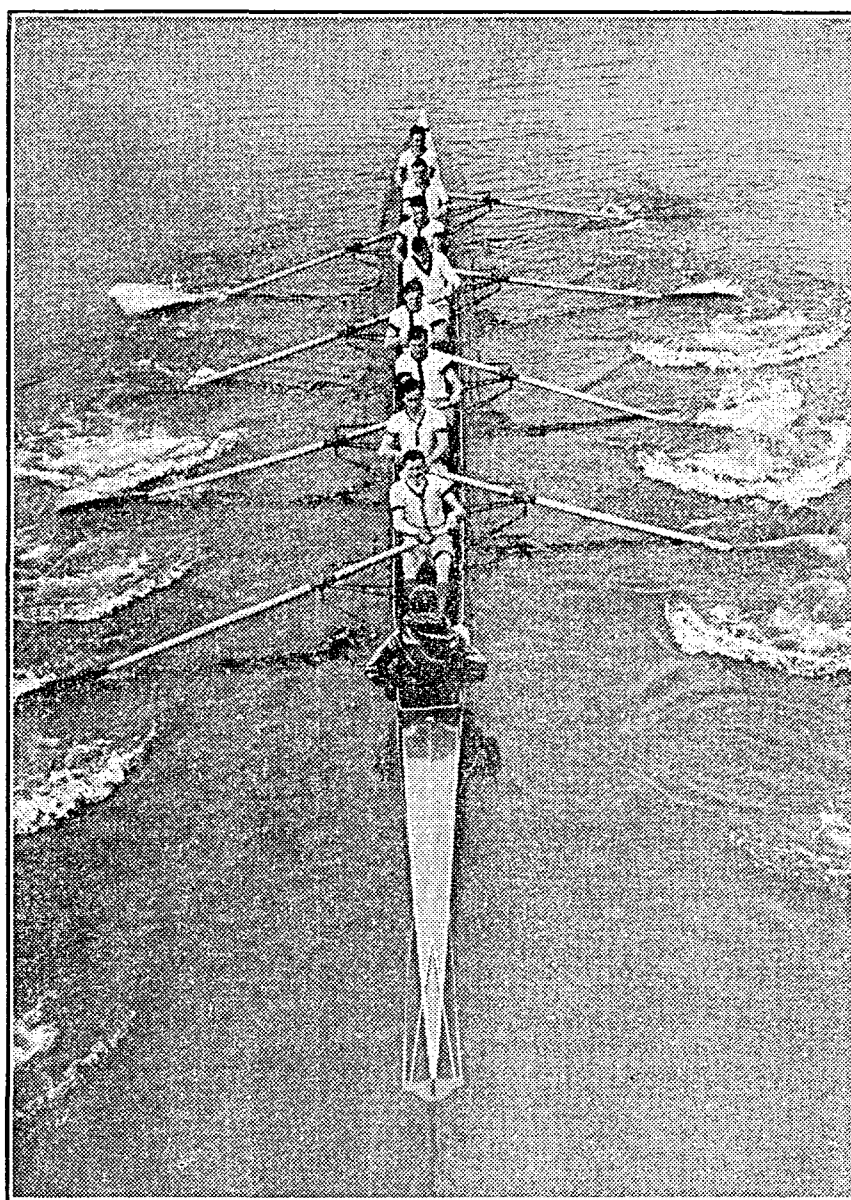
Mr. Selfridge is the kindest of men. Not only is he making London beautiful by his wonderful shop but everybody knows how good he has been to lend his beautiful house to the Invalid Children's Association for their exhibition of English decorative art. It was so great a success, so many people came to see the marvellous collection of beautiful things, that Mr. Selfridge gave up his house for an extra two days, and then for an extra four days, to help the invalid children. He must have raised thousands of pounds for them.

Everybody paid five shillings to see the exhibition, and most of the people bought a catalogue. Inside the catalogue was a leaflet of considerable interest to visitors. The leaflet was printed on excellent paper, and was in the interests of those who received it.

Will it be believed that scores or hundreds of these people dropped these leaflets on the floor and left them there? They had paid five shillings to see these beautiful things, they were the guests of Mr. Selfridge in one of London's most beautiful houses, and they could litter the floor like any Litter Lout who throws banana peel in the Strand.

There is only one way to deal with such people. They must be turned out of our parks and out of our public places.

THE DARK BLUES



It is now only a week to the Boat Race, and the two crews are in the last stages of their training. Here we see Oxford out for a spin. This year is the hundredth anniversary of the University Boat Race.

SEVEN DOGS WORTH KNOWING

It is astonishing how few dog books have been written which picture them as characters, yet individual character is the chief thing in a dog.

Dogs are quite as individual as men, but not more than half-a-dozen books give the dog his due by truly revealing his dog mind. However, one more book that succeeds in picturing the dog as he really is has been added to that short list. It is *Five Dogs and Two More*, by Sir Timothy Eden (Longmans, 7s. 6d.).

The seven dogs introduced to the reader are David, an Aberdeen; Meg, a whippet; Mrs. Bull, a bulldog; Titus, a fox terrier; Cash, a Great Dane; Sunday, a wire-haired terrier; and Bonzo, a cross-bred, the most fascinating

of the lot and by no means the worst-looking, judging from the portraits furnished by Mr. John Nicolson.

Sir Timothy Eden has every qualification for writing about dogs. He knows them through knowledge, experience, and sympathy. He knows them so well that they cannot deceive him. And he has the humour in observation without which no man can thoroughly understand a dog. As a writer, Sir Timothy has brightness and grace and a command of both laughter and tears. He has written what should be a little classic in the literature of animal life, charming all readers who are lovers of dogs and luring many others to seek their faithful companionship.

THE UNKNOWN LADY

BEAUTIFUL STORY OF
THE NATIONAL GALLERY

How a Famous Holbein Came
to the Nation

SECRET NEVER TO BE
REVEALED

We shall have an opportunity elsewhere to call attention to the beautiful volume in which the National Arts Collections Fund is celebrating its twenty-fifth birthday. Here we wish to call attention to the beautiful dedication of this book. This is it:

To a Lady Unknown

*Secret she rests, hid in the house of Fame,
Who gave, withholding nothing but her name.*

Behind these lovely lines is one of the thrilling stories of the National Gallery. Those who enjoy life at its best should read this story and then go for five minutes to that fine little room in Trafalgar Square where Holbein's Duchess of Milan hangs in all its glory.

The Duke and the Duchess

The picture belonged long ago to the Duke of Norfolk, and a rumour was heard that the duke was needing money for an important charitable purpose and was to sell the Duchess. What happened then we read in Arthur Mee's *Children's Hour*, from which we quote this story.

All the great art dealers of Europe and America, men who are accustomed to trafficking in hundreds of thousands of pounds, pricked up their ears and listened hard. Messrs. Colnaghi were asked by the duke to sell the picture for him, and he was willing to give an option of one month to the trustees of the National Gallery.

The Month Slips By

The director of the National Gallery set to work. If he could secure the Duchess for the nation he would not have lived in vain. No one knows the pressure that was brought to bear, the letters and telegrams that flew about, the interviews that took place. The duke wanted £72,000 for his picture, and he knew he could get it easily in America. The Treasury gave £10,000; Messrs. Colnaghi gave £2000. That meant that the National Arts Collections Fund had to find £60,000.

The month of May slipped by. The utmost that could be done had been done, and still the director of the Gallery, who was then Sir Charles Holroyd, wanted another £40,000. Hope was falling away. Then, at the end of the month, a letter came from a lady staying at a German spa asking how much money was wanted. No one seemed to know anything about her. A telegram was sent: *Forty thousand pounds wanted!* A telegram came in reply: *I will pay.*

Happiest Man in London

Breathless, amazed, the man who received the telegram went to the lady's bank and asked if this offer would be credited.

"Oh, yes," said the manager, smiling.

The happiest man in London then went off to the agents to say that he could buy the picture. They sat and stared. He went and told Sir Charles Holroyd. He dropped his face in his hands and burst into tears.

So the Duchess of Milan came home for ever to the National Gallery. The lady who gave us this treasure (she has since gone to Heaven) desired that her name should for ever remain unknown, and it is never to be revealed. As an Unknown Donor she has the heartfelt gratitude of all our people. Her secret will be kept, but her beautiful spirit has enriched us all.

A SCHOOL IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT

THE WORK OF THE BOYS

Education as the Gateway to the Great World

TRAINING AND LEARNING

Among the many educational developments of recent years none is more interesting than that carried on at Bembridge School in the Isle of Wight. The C.N. has often referred to it.

What is being done there is now made known, with admirable clearness and completeness, in a handsome little volume written by Mr. Howard Whitehouse, the Warden of the School, and published by the Cambridge Press.

Mr. Whitehouse has long been known for his enthusiastic study of education and his practical work in many parts of that wide and fruitful field. At Bembridge he has been putting the theories of a lifetime into practice, and in this book we are taken frankly into his confidence and shown his methods and many of their results.

The title of the book is Creative Education at an English School, and its pages contain 86 illustrations of work done by the boys as part of the school activities.

Development of Personality

Mr. Whitehouse holds that the aim of a school should be to enable a boy to develop his own personality by finding out and becoming permanently interested, through his own activities, in the things he can do. He contends that the boy may be introduced through arts and crafts to the delights of creative activities which will enlist his ardent interest and become instruments of a noble education.

This book tells how this is done at Bembridge. Here we can only mention a few points. Drawing, for instance, is taught to every boy at every stage of his school life. It is brought as far as possible into relation with many subjects and becomes a means of self-expression. The boys not only write their school magazine but illustrate it and print it.

Learning How to Make Things

The school aims at giving every boy a good working knowledge of tools, and they learn how to make things connected with their special interest. Gardening is a school subject. The school has a strong scientific society covering a wide range of practical study, extending to their own survey of the Isle of Wight, its history, geography, botany, and natural history. They have practice daily in short speaking (from one to three minutes) on the subject that most interests each speaker. In association with their literary studies they produce three plays every year. Architecture, photography, and pottery come within their school range of work. All these and other studies pervade their holiday observations. In short, their school life is closely related to practical things.

One of the most interesting chapters tells of the visit to Dr. Nansen, to which we refer on page 6, and Mr. Whitehouse adds that the memory of Dr. Nansen, will always be in their minds. They remember him "in his home above the fiords, showing us his loved country, with his great happy dogs wildly gambolling around him."

Such is education as it is now conceived at Bembridge and in a number of other modern schools, education in close relation with life, giving to each boy a chance of finding for himself the kind of activity in which he can best engage when he takes his place in the world.

Pictures on page 9

A BOY'S RIDE

WONDERFUL JOURNEY IN THE FORESTS

Things Seen and Done in an African Fortnight

HIPPOS AND CROCODILES

One of our readers in Northern Rhodesia, a lucky boy, of twelve, tells the C.N. of his wonderful journey in a motor-car through African forests.

He tells how his father took him from Broken Hill first westward to the Kafu River, then northward by Serenje, and over the Chambezi River to Kasama, Abercorn, and Lake Tanganyika, and back south-westward to Elizabethville in Belgian Congoland, and from there home again to Broken Hill.

He thinks he is the first boy who has ever had such a journey in a motor-car in Africa. He does not say how long he was travelling, or how far he went, but he was five days reaching the Chambezi River, and he stayed three and a half days in Elizabethville, so we suppose he must have had something like a fortnight's journeying.

Rainmaking Trees

Here are some of his doings and the sights he saw.

On the banks of the Chambezi they had lunch under a tree where the German officer Von Lettow surrendered to the British in the Great War, after his long defence of German East Africa, now the Tanganyika Territory. And while they lunched the tree dripped down water on them, though the sky was cloudless, the weather hot, and no rain had fallen for several months. (Readers of the C.N. have heard before of these rain-making trees.)

They had a swim in Tanganyika lake, and canoed ten miles on it, seeing both hippopotamuses and crocodiles. At night they camped near the lake, and during a windy night the hippos kept them awake with their grunts. They neither saw nor heard any lions, but much other game. One morning, while they breakfasted in the car, six koodoos remained within fifty yards of them undisturbed.

His Greatest Surprise

Between Abercorn and Elizabethville, near Fort Rosebery, they saw the largest church in Northern Rhodesia in a place of great beauty—the Chipili Mission.

Elizabethville was to the boy-traveller his greatest surprise, a large town in the midst of the bush far removed from any other town, a mining centre for copper. There he saw Congo troops marching past the Belgian Governor, commemorating the founding of the State. So changed is this part of Central Africa since Livingstone made his way to it that the visitors watched, among other sights, a football match.

"One of the most pleasing of all things on our trip (says our young reader) was the hospitality shown to us by everybody with whom we came in contact. None could have been more kind. They all did everything they could for our happiness and comfort although they had never seen us before."

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

Erzeroum in Asia Minor is a name almost lost in the mists of the Great War.

It has just emerged from the mists through the death of General Bergmann, who drove the Turks from it in the Russian advance of 1914.

The captains and the kings depart. All the strife and bloodshed which led to the fall of Erzeroum are as forgotten as they were futile, and its belauded and victorious conqueror has died in a modest lodging at Marseilles.

Sic transit gloria mundi: so passes the glory of the world.

RED CROSS, JUNIOR

A Good Thing Going Forward

THE SPIRIT OF PEACE IN 41 LANDS

There are several good points about 1928. Take two. England had a summer and the membership of the Junior Red Cross went up by a million.

In 41 countries now children can join their own section of the National Red Cross Society. They learn first-aid and the rules of health, and they work for world peace as well as try to serve their fellows.

When a school at Villa Encarnacion, Paraguay, was destroyed by a tornado the members of the Argentine Junior Red Cross collected enough money to rebuild it. On hearing of the earthquakes in Greece members of the Austrian Junior Red Cross sent food and clothes for the benefit of the homeless children of Corinth.

Thus it is all over the world. In many cases the children correspond with members of other branches, and sometimes exchange visits. Austrian Juniors have letter friends in 37 different countries.

It is good that this should be so. Once upon a time most folk thought of foreigners as a bad sort of people who were always planning mischief, but movements like the Junior Red Cross enable the children of the world to meet and discover that foreigners are, after all, people like themselves. It is a discovery that will make it harder for war-mongers to plunge the world again into ruin and blood; it will, we believe, even make that impossible.

TELEVOX AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP

Aladdin Coming True

Televox, the Robot which leaped into fame as the mechanical man turning on the taps at Washington reservoirs when told to do so by word of mouth, has gone a step farther.

He now turns on the flood lights at the air-port of Newark in the United States when its mechanical ear-drums are set vibrating by the sound of a siren from an approaching aeroplane.

The interior mechanism of Televox is stirred by the sounds at a distance of a thousand yards. Soon it will be able to hear the approaching aeroplane's siren a mile away, and some day the mere beating of the aeroplane's winged engines will turn the lights on.

That will be a wonderful day; it will mean a transformation indeed when night turns into day at a sound! Televox will be the new Aladdin.

GALLOPING GALWAY

The Sleeper Waking Up

Galway has dreams of becoming the Gate of the West. Dreams come, it is said, as the sleeper wakes, and Galway has slept a very long time.

Now it sees visions of great liners from Canada unloading at quays built in one of the finest unused harbours in the British Isles. A railway, electrified, is to run from the west coast to Dublin. Train ferries are to carry passengers and goods from Dublin to Liverpool.

If this prove not fast enough there may be air-liners from Galway to England and France. Colonel Fitzmaurice, who was one of the daring three who first crossed the Atlantic from East to West by aeroplane, is going to see to it.

It will be a great change for Galway, which till now has been famed chiefly for its foxhounds, now to be superseded by Atlantic greyhounds. The Man from Galway will no longer be a rollicking Irishman, but a transatlantic traveller.

TIME IS MONEY

£ s. d. OF AN AGE OF HURRY

A Very Little Thing and a Very Great Saving

NO TIME TO STAND AND STARE

The old saying that time is money receives a new emphasis nowadays. We all complain more of less of the hurry and haste with which modern life is conducted, yet the official attitude of those who have the ordering of our traffic is more and more to promote speed.

Colonel Bressey, Chief Road Engineer of the Ministry of Transport, has been giving some surprising figures, drawn from day and night observations of the traffic over 24 routes along British roads.

The speed of the London trams has been increased during the past two years from an average of rather less than nine miles an hour to nearly ten. The bus speed in the congested traffic areas of London works out at eight miles an hour. Now, if this rate could be improved by two miles an hour, and the buses cover an average of ten miles an hour, the company would be able to withdraw 100 buses from their service and save £300,000 a year, to say nothing of easing traffic in the streets.

A Stupendous Sum

That seems a stupendous sum from so small a cause, but it is trifling in comparison with other benefits which would accompany it. There is the incalculable profit which would result in the form of time saved to the travelling public, and a still larger one of which only the expert could tell us.

Every measure and regulation which tends to promote the ready flow and even distribution of traffic, says Colonel Bressey, spares the public purse by removing or postponing the need for costly street widening. With that fact before us we can never hope that slow-moving horse traffic will ever revive in our cities, much as we all liked to see the horses.

There is another point of interest. The weight of traffic passing over one of the bridges leading from one London dock is 67,000 tons each 24 hours. All but 18 per cent of that total passes by day, and the slight remainder by night. Colonel Bressey foresees the adoption on the roads of the system in vogue on the railways, where a considerable portion of the heavy traffic is moved by night.

No Quiet for Sleep

But already the complaint is general that noise turns night into day and leaves no quiet for sleep. To meet that Colonel Bressey suggests that we shall have to build by-pass roads round towns and villages, away from the populations; and he would not have the fronts of those roads built upon, but leave them like park walks, with inhabited streets snug and quiet behind.

Still, the note of the whole speech, like that of all modern endeavour, is speed and more speed. The poet may lament:

A poor life this if, full of care,

We have not time to stand and stare,

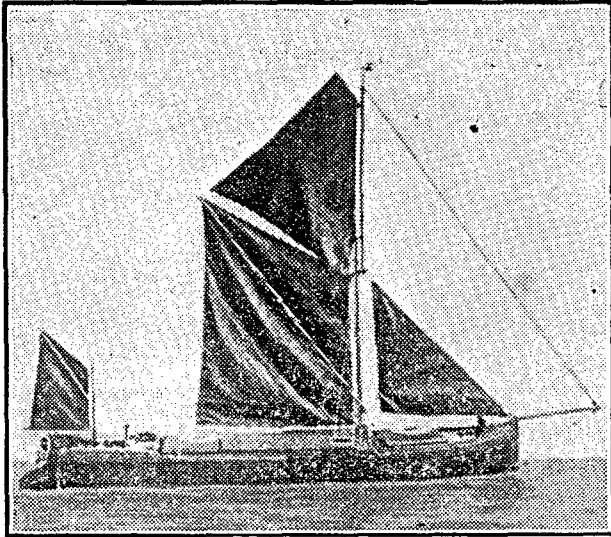
but modern progress is a movement ever struggling toward swifter and swifter pace. It tunnels a mountain to save a few miles and a few minutes. Life cannot stand and stare in city streets.

In the Auction Rooms

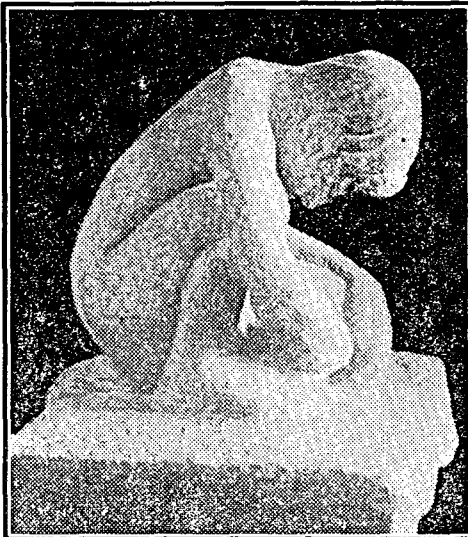
The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Painting by Van Goyen . . .	£630
George I silver teapot . . .	£435
Portrait by Holbein . . .	£435
Painting by Teniers . . .	£315
Painting by Watteau . . .	£263
Charles II silvery porringer . .	£238
Drawing by Jan Steen . . .	£125

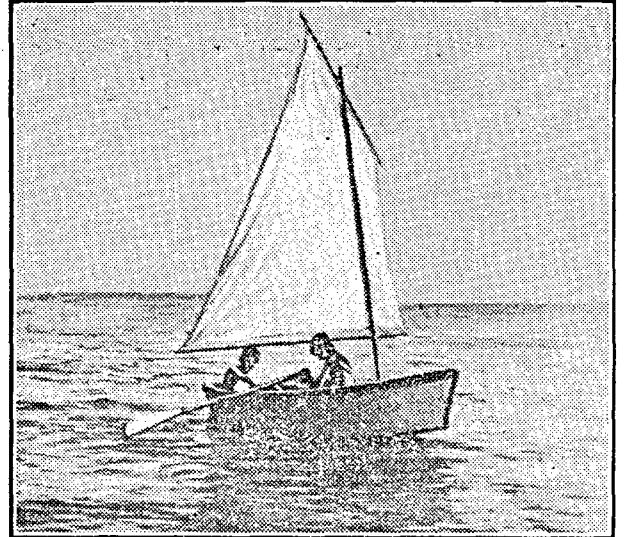
CYCLING ON THE SEA · REMARKABLE WORK BY BOYS · WINTER YACHTING



1. A model of a Thames barge



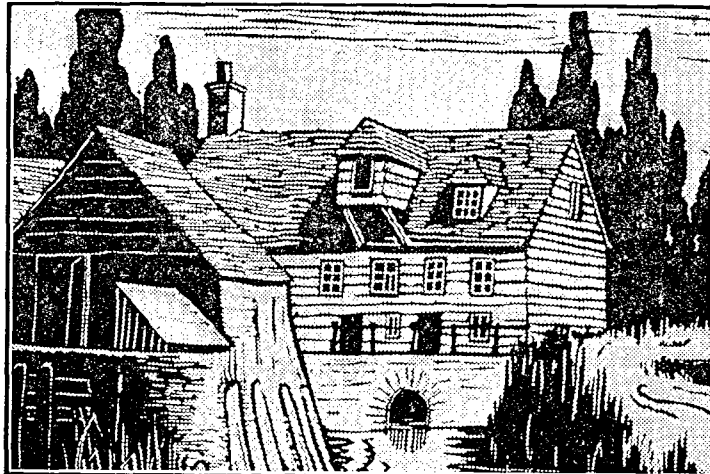
2. A sculpture in stone



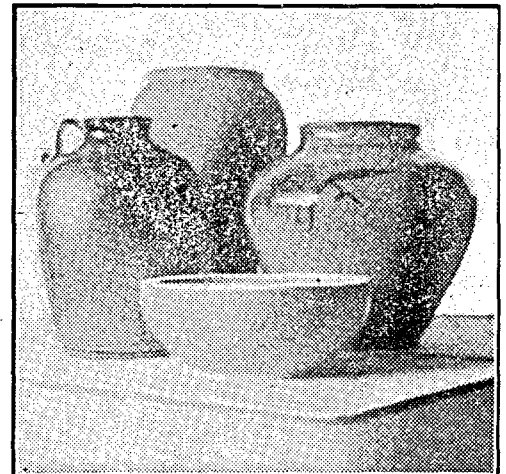
3. A boat built by the boys



4. A drawing of St. George and the dragon



5. The Mill, printed from a woodcut



6. Examples of pottery made at the school

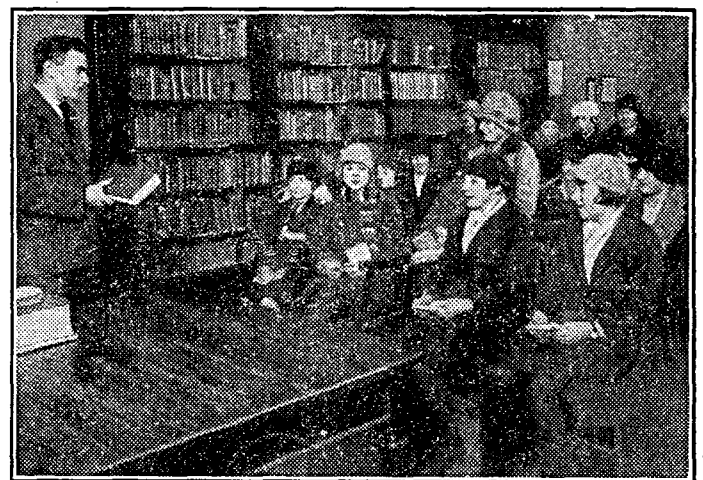
At Bembridge School in the Isle of Wight a most interesting educational idea is being carried out. Every boy is encouraged to develop his own abilities and tastes by working at the arts and crafts in which he is most interested. The Warden of the School, Mr. Howard Whitehouse, has published a splendid little book in which the activities of the school are explained and illustrated, and from it we take these few pictures of work done by the boys. See page 8.



Winter Yacht Race—Scenes like this are common round the British coast in the summer months. This picture, however, was taken at Cannes on the Riviera, where the yacht-racing season began not long ago.



Jacko's Swing—Knowing how children enjoy a swing Jacko thought he would try one.



Lesson in a Library—The value to the community of its public libraries is not fully realised. These children of a Stafford elementary school are being taught the value of books and the resources of a public library.



Cycling on the Zuyder Zee—For the first time in many years the Zuyder Zee has been frozen over, so that these cyclists were able to ride safely across it from one side to the other.



Keeping Fit at Sea—While Europe was in the grip of intense cold these lucky people were enjoying the sunshine during a cruise to the West African coast.

A HUMAN SUBMARINE

THE GENIUS OF SING SING

How a Man Set Himself Free From a Famous Prison IMITATING A HIPPOPOTAMUS

Sing Sing Prison, the New York gaol of sinister name and evil repute, is being destroyed to yield its functions to a place of detention designed upon a plan more humane.

The event has led a writer in New York to send home to one of our grown-up papers one of the most romantic stories on record of an escape from prison.

One of Sing Sing's captives was a man named Dunn who by some means obtained material out of which he made a decoy duck such as is used by fowlers when they wish to lure wild ducks within shooting range. From the prison hospital he got a length of tubing and a sheet of rubber. The tubing he attached to the under-side of the hollow duck; the sheet of rubber he made into a mask with the tubing secured to it and running through its mouthpiece.

The Decoy Duck

Hiding his treasures as cautiously as Monte Cristo hid his, Dunn was ordered one day to go to the riverside to help in unloading a ship. Watching his opportunity he slipped unobserved into the water, first having weighted his pockets with stones. His decoy duck floated on the surface, his tube carried down air to the mask and mouthpiece.

Anyone who had had the curiosity to look at the river would have seen a decoy duck making rather exceptional progress for the length of a mile, but they could never have guessed that a man was walking attached to it, so deep in the water that his head was covered and his body out of sight.

An Extraordinary Spectacle

The audacious trick was successful. After walking a mile Dunn felt it safe to leave the water and to creep into a wood on the bank. There friends met him with dry clothes into which he changed and made his escape.

Natives of Africa would have been more likely to suspect the trick than Europeans, for they have the hippopotamus to teach them under-water ways.

The adult hippo stays under water for many minutes at a time, walking along the river-bed and feeding as it goes. Its baby cannot hold its breath so long; it must have air while its mother pursues her way concealed.

So, as the river is watched, a quiet swirl of the water is followed by the extraordinary spectacle of a plump baby hippo suddenly popping up above the surface in midstream and apparently sailing slowly along, without effort and without visible means of support. The explanation is that it is mounted on its mother's shoulders while the great beast remains below.

A Blot on the New World

For over a century Sing Sing has been a blot on the fair fame of the New World. The cells were dens of horror, dreadful stone cubicles only seven feet long, six and a half high, and only three and a half feet wide. The compartments were as bare of comfort and convenience as caves in a rock. They had no windows, no light or air save the little that was admitted by a small iron grating in the door.

In these cells, which often housed two desperate prisoners, it was customary to keep the wretched victims locked up from Saturday night until Monday morning. Need we wonder that the death-rate was a scandal?

HOMES OR BOXES

How to Get Character Into Houses

AN IDEA FROM ITALY

By a Building Expert

Why is it that so many of our houses are alike, or ugly, built by speculative builders who have no taste instead of by the individuals who are to own them? An expert housing correspondent here suggests one reason for all this.

The British building societies do splendid work. Owing to their efforts, which are fostered by wise legislation, hundreds of thousands of families are becoming the owners of the houses they live in.

The process of buying a house through a building society is simple. If the society approves the house it lends the greater part of the purchase money, the purchaser pledging the house to the society (mortgaging it) as security.

A Good Idea in Italy

The borrower pays back the loan in monthly instalments, covering principal and interest, over a period of ten, fifteen, or even twenty years. So, by paying what seems like a monthly rent, the house is gradually bought.

All this is very good indeed, and helps to make good citizens by encouraging people to save money in a most desirable way. It is a great pleasure and comfort to own one's own house.

But in Italy they have invented another idea in building societies which is well worth adopting here. Any number of Italian citizens can group themselves into a building society, and actually build houses to suit themselves, borrowing the money cheaply with State assistance, and afterwards repaying it by instalments of principal and interest.

Helping the Small Man

The great advantage of this Italian idea is that people are not compelled to buy ready-made and sometimes not very suitable houses. Few private individuals desiring to build a house worth, say, £750 or £1000 can afford to engage an architect to design a house for them and to engage a builder to build to contract. The small man in England is almost bound to buy his house from a builder.

The Italian plan, on the other hand, enables a number of railway men, or teachers, or mechanics, to build a group of houses, to employ an architect for the whole group, and to have the whole group built by contract soundly and well. The writer has inspected some of these groups of houses, and can testify that they are highly creditable.

A LITTLE MEDICINE FOR THE TIGER

Iodine and Eggs

Tigers at the Zoo are taking iodine and keepers are waiting to see if they look brisker for the change.

Some time ago the sheep in the State of Michigan had unsaleable fleeces, so poor and patchy were they. It is known that the finest fleeces in Great Britain come from the Shetland and Orkney Islands, where the sheep eat much seaweed and are very hardy. Iodine was given to the Michigan sheep and now they are in splendid condition.

In the Staffordshire Farm Institute it has been found that sows that are given iodine have larger and harder families than those not given iodine, and that young pigs dieted in this way increase their weight.

In Scotland hens have been given one part of potassium iodide to 200 parts of ordinary mash. The average egg production per pullet for five months was 61 without iodine and 71 with iodine.

BOYS OF TWO NATIONS

Getting Together at School

All thoughtful people put great value on a sympathetic understanding of America by British people and of Britain by American people.

It is a striking proof of this that ten American Public Schools have offered to pay the fares of selected British schoolboys of 14 years, give them free education in America, and provide for them during their holidays. The object is that they may return home with such a knowledge of America as will tend to link the two nations together in closer friendship.

The scheme aims at doing for young schoolboys something similar to what is aimed at for graduates through the Cecil Rhodes University Scholarships. The British Headmasters Conference and the Council of the Association of British Preparatory Schools have both expressed their approval, and the Board of Education and the English-Speaking Union are cooperating.

From a broad public point of view this experiment will be watched with sympathetic interest. Whether as a parent one would choose to send a boy of 14 to sample the education of another country is a different matter.

GOLD PASSING BY The Hidden Hoard of the Gulf Stream

There is gold in the Gulf Stream, though, as the company promoters would say, there is no money in it.

M. Claude, the French engineer who is working out a wonderful scheme for turning the warm waters of the ocean into power, has calculated that the Gulf Stream at its lowest carries £160,000,000 worth of gold past any given point in a year.

That would almost pay our unemployment bill; but, as M. Claude knows and says, the difficulty of getting gold out of sea-water is so great that every pennyworth would cost a pound.

It is calculated that there is something less than a farthing's worth in every 220 gallons. M. Claude, who is the engineer who has been experimenting with the differences of temperature at the surface of the sea and at its depth, has made some more interesting calculations than that in his study of the Gulf Stream.

In the winter months its flow varies greatly. On December 1 as little as 25 cubic miles passes a given point every minute. On January 31 it rises to 80 cubic miles a minute. We may add that in a cubic mile could be stowed all the buildings of London, Manchester, and Liverpool—and room would be left for Nottingham.

RATS

Why the Train Was Late

Thirty minutes late the train from Havre to Paris was in starting. Rats had held it up.

French trains, if they arrive late, usually start to time unless they are boat trains, and this train had something to do with the sea. A ship had brought the rats.

They had been packed up in crates. The crates had been loaded into a wagon. Just as the guard was about to whistle or wave his flag he heard strange noises from this van.

It was opened and there were hundreds of rats, which had gnawed their way out of the crates, fighting a battle royal among themselves.

They scattered, still fighting, and the railwaymen gave them a hearty send-off. Some were left in the van, like the others, still fighting. The railwaymen locked the truck up tight and left them at it. The train moved on.

THE WONDERFUL MIDLAND BANK

Rising From a Lost Stream's Bed

BREAKING-UP AN AFRICAN MOUNTAIN

In the new head office of the Midland Bank silence reigns amid all the clatter of the Poultry, E.C., as the C.N. recorded in telling how silence and quiet were preserved there by seaweed brought from Nova Scotia.

Seaweed walls are not the only curiosity of this Palace of Midas. Its foundations are a concrete raft. The bank is supported in a tank; and the tank is dumped into the underground stream-bed of the lost Wall Brook.

As Mr. Gotch the architect said, you cannot dump down a huge water-tight mass over 40 feet deep, and a great deal more than that in length and breadth, into the bed of a stream without something happening. What did happen, or how it happened, nobody quite knows, but cracks began to appear in neighbouring buildings. The Midland Bank was, in fact, a cuckoo in the nest of the Poultry, E.C.

Rare and Beautiful Marble

Unceasing watch had to be kept on these adjoining buildings, but gradually the building soared from the concrete tank to a sixth floor and a dome, and nothing gave way. The inside kept pace with the outside. Before the last tile had been put on the dome the Banking Hall was finished, and the staff were taking in cheques at the brass railings.

The pillars of the Banking Hall are cased in very beautiful marble, verdite, which comes from only one place in South Africa, and is so rare that the contractor, having exhausted the contents of one hill, had to buy a whole mountain to get enough to finish with.

MIRROR STOPS A TRAIN New Invention on the German Railways

A German scientist, Dr. Baeseler, a member of the technical staff of the Bavarian railroads, has invented a wonderful method of stopping trains by means of a looking-glass.

His invention is based on the fact that selenium becomes a conductor of electricity when illuminated.

A mirror of many facets, about four inches across, is placed in position on the semaphore. It reflects the light from passing locomotives back along exactly the same line to the point of its origin, no matter what angle the light comes from. The light-transmitter of the locomotive is so arranged that the light reflected from the mirror strikes a selenium cell, communicates the impulse to a relay equipped with an intensifier, and thus works the brakes of the train.

Not one failure has been recorded in 4500 trials. Nor has the device ever operated needlessly, for only light from the locomotive sender is reflected to the selenium cell by the mirror. Light from other directions or objects is found to have no effect.

While at the moment the new device has only been tested for working brakes on trains its possibilities are much more extensive. It could be developed so as to lessen the speed of a train when passing the first warning signal. Or it could be so regulated as to prevent a speed higher than a certain speed being attained at all.

It could also be used to transmit wireless messages to the engine-driver. And as this new signal is quite unaffected by the effects of fog, rain, sun, frost, or any other weather condition, it is likely to play an important part on the German railways in the near future.

STARS BLOTTED OUT THE MOON'S DARK EDGE

The Difference Between Two
Seconds and 136 Years

VENUS AND A LITTLE STAR

By the C.N. Astronomer

The Moon will pass in front of one of the stars of Taurus on Saturday evening, March 16.

As this occultation occurs at a convenient time, with the Moon near first quarter, the event should prove interesting.

The star Kappa in Taurus is of only fourth magnitude and so will become barely perceptible as the Moon gets near it at about 10 o'clock. Kappa will then be about half the Moon's apparent width to the left of her dark, unilluminated edge, so binoculars, or even opera-glasses, should be used.

During the next half-hour the Moon will draw nearer and nearer to little Kappa, until at 28 minutes past 10 the star will appear suddenly to go out, as it were, at the place shown in the picture. The dark, unseen edge of the



Where Kappa in Taurus will be blotted out by the Moon

Moon will have come between us and the light of Kappa.

This light has been 136 years coming from Kappa, and then, when it has only the last two seconds of its long journey to go, the Moon intervenes and stops it from reaching us: two seconds compared with 136 years thus enable us to gain some idea of the relative distances of the Moon and Kappa.

In less than an hour (51 minutes, to be exact) Kappa will reappear from behind the bright edge of the Moon at the place indicated; but, owing to her radiance there, this part of the event will require a telescope to make it perceptible and will not be so startling or interesting as the disappearance at the Moon's dark edge.

About seven minutes after the disappearance of Kappa another, but fainter, little star, Number 67 in Taurus, may be seen to disappear behind the Moon's dark edge. This star will vanish a little way below where Kappa was hidden, and being of nearly sixth magnitude will not be visible without glasses. It will reappear at 12 minutes past 11, also at the right side of the Moon, at her bright edge.

A Rare Event

There will be another interesting event on Tuesday evening, March 19, when Venus will be seen to approach a small star, Number 15 in Aries, and appear to absorb it. As the star is between fifth and sixth magnitude it will be only just perceptible on a dark, clear night. Glasses will be necessary to see such a faint star so near the radiant Venus, particularly as she will be rather low in the sky.

Throughout the evening she may be seen approaching this star, which between 8.30 and 9 o'clock will get so close as to appear to touch and become immersed in her.

It will not actually be eclipsed by the planet, for, as will be seen through a powerful telescope, the star at its closest will be a few seconds of arc to the south of Venus's crescent; but this very small distance will not be perceptible in any field-glasses or binoculars.

It is rare for a planet to appear as close as this to so bright a star; and so it is to be hoped the evening may be fine and clear.

G. F. M.

THE HUMAN TOUCH

Unpaid Lawyer Wins
His Case

TRUE STORY FROM PARIS

The other day the chill and dreary atmosphere of a Paris police court was lit by one of those gleams that Dickens or Anatole France would have loved.

A shabby old man stood in the dock, every line of his thin body and colourless face eloquent of despair. The police accused him of begging, and he seemed to say "What is the use of denying it? Who would listen to a poor old fellow like me? They will send me to prison, and I shall break my heart with shame." He listened with bent head in a kind of hopeless silence.

A policeman gave evidence. On a bitter night the old man had come to a café where the proprietor had set a brazier of burning coals on the pavement and a few customers sat at little tables. The old man drew near to the brazier and played his violin. He did not ask for money, but he lingered. That was as bad as begging.

Honest Poverty

The accused did not pluck up courage to speak, and all would have been over for him if a lawyer had not suddenly stood up and addressed the judge.

"I am not engaged to plead for the accused," he said. "In fact, I have no right to speak. But if I had the right to speak I should say that it seems to me no crime for a poor old musician to linger in the hope of some reward, and I would ask your Worship to have pity on such honest poverty."

The unusual incident caused a little ripple in the court. That dismal place became humanised. For once red tape and police regulations were of no account, and the old fiddler was astonished to find himself discharged. He could only shake his champion's hand in silence, with tears in his eyes.

Lawyers are supposed to be mercenary men. Here, at least, was one who could feel, think, and act, and all without a fee!

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

New Zealand has now 27 million sheep.

There are 544 universities in the world.

A poor jackdaw has been frozen to death on the vane of Crowland Abbey.

Ludgate Hill Station has been permanently closed.

It is said that each year works of art worth 20 million pounds leave Britain.

A friend of Cecil Rhodes who has just died left £50 to the waitress at his club table.

Stockbrokers Arrested

Three stockbrokers have lately been arrested in Rome for advising people not to buy Government stock.

Girl Engine-Driver

A girl student at a technical school for engineers has been driving the Spanish Express.

London's Land Workers

Among the population of London a thousand men are described as agricultural labourers.

Canada's Trade With the World

Canada's foreign trade last year increased by over a million pounds sterling a week.

Another Children's Playground

An unknown friend of Egham has given a piece of the Thames bank there to the public and seven acres near by as a playground for children.

Examining Bus Drivers

Out of about four thousand men examined as London bus drivers nearly half failed to pass the doctor, and in the end only just over a thousand were accepted.

The Bells for Sebastopol

Mr. William Henry Lilburn, who as a boy took part in ringing the bells at Lincoln for the fall of Sebastopol, has just died there at 89.

GUIDES THAT DO NOT SEE

Nature Study by the Blind
A TRIUMPHANT EXPERIMENT

We have been reading in the magazine of the College of the Teachers of the Blind a fascinating account of an experiment in Nature study by the blind, carried out by Mr. Norman D. Cuthbertson, librarian of the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh.

The Royal Blind School at Edinburgh has a company of Girl Guides, and it occurred to Mr. Cuthbertson that it might be possible to bring much joy to them by taking them on a country ramble, helping them to distinguish flowers and trees by scent and touch and to identify the songs and notes of birds. If they would write essays, telling what they had learned, their guide thought he might then correct any wrong impressions they had received on the expedition.

Rambles Made Interesting

The plan was carried out with half the company, as more would have taken too much time. The essays show clearly how successful the studies were. Very quickly flowers were identified. The calls and songs of the birds were represented by their likeness to some sounds or rhythms of human speech.

The first essay by a blind girl says: "When we used to go out it did not seem so interesting, but now that we study the flowers and the call of birds we have more pleasure in walking. We found a great many wild flowers and learned the calls of several birds."

Seven of the rambles are described. One description is by a former pupil of the Blind School who is deaf as well as blind, and her account of flowers, fruits, and leaves is remarkable. Indeed, the whole experiment is most significant, and should lead to a great development in this form of observation.

One has only to read the closing sentences of one of the essayists to feel how vast an opportunity awaits the sympathetic teacher. She says: "For many days this ramble gave me food for much thought. I was filled with the wonder of it all."

KEEPING CRUELTY ALIVE

What Caging Birds Means

The Scottish Society for the Protection of Wild Birds, an admirably energetic society, has issued a reminder that Bird Protection Acts prohibit the use of bird lime in catching wild birds. Also the use of the pole trap and the catching of birds with a hook are illegal. Nor may a live bird tethered be used as a decoy. Penalties are involved if birds are caught by any of these means.

"But are these warnings necessary still in England?" asked a kindly person on seeing these Scottish notices. Necessary! Of course they are necessary. In spite of the more general spread of sympathy with animal life the perverted love of animal pets kept in captivity is responsible for great cruelty. It keeps in existence, more or less concealed, all the methods by which certain types of men wreak their cunning on God's feeble creatures for profit.

While people will buy into captivity free creatures that above all else love freedom men will be found to capture and sell them. The traffic, whether illegal or not, goes on, though, thank God! it is less usual than ever it was, and more people are on the watch to stamp it out.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON RAINFALL

Sunshine . . . 51 hours	Dublin . . . 2.04 ins.
Rainfall . . . 0.35 ins.	Tynemouth . . 1.22 ins.
Wet days . . . 8	Ross-on-Wye . . 1.14 ins.
Dry days . . . 20	Edinburgh . . . 1.02 ins.
Warmest day . . 1st	Southampton . 0.71 ins.
Coldest days 12th, 13th	Gorleston . . . 0.39 ins.

This is what we've done for our little boy.

He was three years old last Wednesday and after he had gone to bed his mother and I, naturally enough, spent the remainder of the evening planning his career for him. Idle talk for the most part, maybe, for the boy himself will have more than a little to say about that matter when the time arrives; but out of the talk emerged a really practical plan of helping the boy which we have already put into operation. This is it.

We have arranged with the Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada, the great Annuity Co., a deferred Assurance Policy on behalf of the child. We are to deposit with the Company each year until the boy is 21 the small sum of £10, on which, by the way, I shall get rebate of Income Tax (at 2/- in the £) of £1, making my net deposit only £9.

When he's 21 this will be our "coming of age" gift to him

Life Assurance Policy for £1,054
which will only cost him £10
a year to keep in force

WITH THESE OPTIONS:

He can keep policy in force, as above, or vary it as follows:—

- (1) AMOUNT PAYABLE AT DEATH,
but premiums cease at age 60, £1,024
- (2) AMOUNT PAYABLE AT AGE 60,
or previous death, £943

Every five years profits will be added to above amounts or may be drawn in cash.

Deposits may be discontinued at age 21, in which case he can

- (3) Take a profit-sharing policy payable at death for £718
- or
- (4) Cancel the policy in return for immediate Cash Payment of £238

At 21 then, it will be up to the boy what to do with his gift—take cash for £238 or continue the policy with or without further deposits. Whatever he decides the plan will give him a fine feeling of independence and encouragement, which, perhaps, we should be unable to give him in any other way.

By the way, in event of him not living to age 21, we receive back all deposits.

The Sun Life of Canada, with whom we make the arrangement, has Government-supervised assets of over £100,000,000, so he could not be in a finer Company.

LET THEM SEND YOU PARTICULARS FOR YOUR BOY OR GIRL.

To J. F. JUNKIN (Manager),
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA,
156, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur Street,
Trafalgar Square, London, S.W.1.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, full particulars of Children's Policy. I would like to deposit £..... per annum until my child is 21.

Name.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss).

Address.....

Occupation

Exact date of birth—Mine.....

Children's Newspaper, 16/3/29

*Write a
letter to
Mr. Hayland
Hearty!*



And win one of these

SPLENDID PRIZES

1st Prize. JUNIOR RALEIGH CYCLE. With Free Wheel and 3-speed gear, etc.

2nd Prize. No. 8 FAIRY CYCLE. With Dunlop Tyres, ball-bearings, etc.

3rd Prize. CLOCKWORK BASSETT-LOWKE STANDARD TANK LOCOMOTIVE, 11" gauge—length over all 8"; or KODAK CAMERA, same value, at winner's option.

4th Prize. SILVER WATCH.

Other Prizes:

3 "Eros" Tennis Racquets.
3 Charterhouse Cricket Bats.
3 Ingersoll Watches. 6 Meccano Sets No. 0.
6 Meccano Sets No. 0.0. 25 Camerascopes.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Write in a letter all you know about Shredded Wheat. In your letter tell what Shredded Wheat is, how you like it best and anything else interesting. Do not let your letter contain more than 200 words. Put your name and address on the letter and state your age next birthday.

When the letter is written, address it to Mr. Hayland Hearty, The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts, put a 1½d. stamp on the envelope and post it before the 30th of April next.

The prizes will be awarded to those boys and girls under the age of 15 years on the 30th of April next who send the best letters; neatness and age of competitor will be taken into consideration. The decision of the judges must be accepted as final.

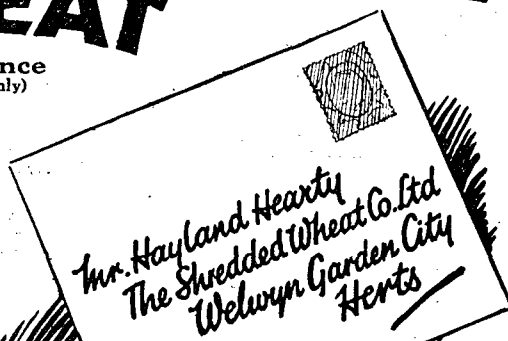
List of prize-winners will be issued before the end of May.

SHREDDED WHEAT

100%
FOOD

Eightpence
(in U.K. only)

**THE BEST
FOOD FOR
BOYS & GIRLS**



ADDRESS YOUR LETTER LIKE THIS —

WHERE IS TYRE? THE ETERNAL CITY OF THE OLD WORLD

The Pride and Pomp of a Lost
City of Yesterday

A TOWN THAT JESUS KNEW

Persia has protested to the League of Nations against her subjects having to obtain a passport from Great Britain to enter the famous pearl-fishing Bahrein Islands, "as if Bahrein were outside Persia."

Great Britain has replied that Persia has exercised no act of sovereignty there for 140 years, but that we have a treaty with the Arabs who have been established there for generations past.

The name of the islands may raise a doubt as to their identity; the dispute as to their ownership must increase the perplexity. Who would dream that, lurking in the title of the islands, there lies buried one of the most famous names in the world, a birthplace of nations, a city which was the greatest centre of riches and population ever visited by Jesus?

Home of the Phoenicians

Tyre, with whose wealth and power and splendour the Old Testament rings, was founded partly on the mainland, partly on one of the islands included in the modern title of Bahrein. It was the original home of the Phoenicians, from whom sprang the Carthaginians with their half-world empire. It was from Tyre and its king that Solomon drew material for the temple at Jerusalem; it was to Tyre that the Phoenicians carried Cornish tin long before Greece or Rome knew of Britain.

At low tide there was, as there is still, communication by dry land between the shore and the island city, which was defended upon its landward side by walls said to have been 150 feet high, and to have withstood sieges by Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander the Great. Yet it endured longer than any other city known to history.

Survivor of Greece and Rome

It was indeed the Eternal City from ancient to medieval times. It preceded and outlived Jerusalem, Thebes, the empire of Greece, the empire of Rome; it outlived the empire of its Carthaginian daughter by 1500 years. It was a mighty and ancient city when Jesus visited it to perform the miracles recorded in St. Matthew, and it has been pointed out that, as it far exceeded the wealth and population of Jerusalem, it was the greatest city seen by Jesus.

Old and world-famous in His day, it survived to see the fall of pagan Greece and Rome and itself to become the seat of a Christian bishop, and to figure largely in the story of the Crusades. With the rise of the Turks its doom was pronounced. A memorable picture preserves the story.

The Turks had conquered Acre and the Tyrians knew that their end had come. "On the same day, at vespers, the Tyrians, leaving the city empty, without the stroke of a sword, without the tumult of war, embarked on board their vessels, and abandoned the city to be freely occupied by their conquerors."

Ezekiel's Word Picture

Decay and ruin fell upon the ancient city, on its island and on the mainland; and today we seek a recollection of it in an alien name and a wretched village.

But the scene of its magnificence and haughty power is preserved immortally in the Bible itself. There is that tremendous painting in words by Ezekiel of the Tyre that he knew, beginning: O thou that art situate at the entry of the sea, which art a merchant of the people for many isles. Thy borders are in the midst of the seas, thy builders have perfected thy beauty.

Now where is Tyre, lost in the Bahrein Islands hard to find on the map, knowing not who owns her?

PROSPERITY FOUND IN SIX YEARS

WHAT A MAN HAS DONE
Teaching Himself Farming and
Paying for a Thousand Acres

FACTS ABOUT WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Last summer the C.N. gave some facts about swift harvesting of wheat in Western Australia, sent to us by a grower there.

An East Anglian reader who was interested wished to be put into communication with the wheat-grower, and, having written to him, has received a reply so full of practical information that our friend has forwarded it to us. Here are points which we think will interest many of our readers.

The writer of the letter knew nothing about farming when he went out to Western Australia six years ago. He bought a farm of 1000 acres for £3000, paying £1000 down, and now he has cleared off the rest of the purchase price.

A Lovely Climate

More than two-thirds of the property was partly improved. Good crops will grow on a well-worked fallow with a rainfall of ten inches, and 3500 farms with that rainfall will be opened for selection in about a year at Forestonia, 200 miles east of Perth.

The climate "is the loveliest in the world." The winters are warm and mild, the summers hot to an average of 100 degrees in the shade, but there is a cool breeze and the heat is not trying. It is not worse than English heat. It is splendidly healthy.

Water is the most important question. A supply is usually obtained by sinking a large pond or tank at the bottom of a sloping piece of clay land. The ponds as a rule are 50 yards long, 30 yards wide, and 10 or 12 feet deep. The earth is ploughed out and banked up round the tank. Winter rains fill the tank and the water lasts through summer.

Tank-Making

The tank-making is hard work for two men and eight horses to complete in two or three weeks. Well water is not always drinkable. Rock water from springs in sandy country is best, but is not generally procurable.

The best land is heavily timbered in forest country, but the timber is easily cut. One man can clear about 150 acres each year. The lighter country, carrying lighter timber or scrub, can be burned off and cleared at the rate of 500 acres a year.

The soil is more easily worked than English soil. Machines are designed to save labour. The head only is taken off wheat, and the machine threshes, cleans, and grades the wheat, and leaves it ready for market. A man needs to be handy with machines, as all repairs must be done on the spot.

Crop failures from drought are not frequent. Rabbits are the worst trouble. But for them Western Australia would be ideal. The writer has killed 3000 rabbits in one week. Any man can make £10 a week trapping them during the winter, and one who understands the work can earn up to £30 a week.

How Best to Emigrate

The best way of emigrating is for the husband to go out first, get a job, learn the work, and become the manager of a farm. Then he can buy according to his judgment of the land. From the first a man can earn thirty shillings a week and his keep, and when he is able to do any work required he can earn fifty shillings a week and his keep.

Living is rough. Food is dear. Potatoes are threepence a pound. Railway freights are very high—sometimes three times the value of the thing carried. Work is from sunrise to sunset. But a man can be well off in five years if he knows how to farm and makes a right choice of land.

HONOUR CLEAN

The Mystery of
the Junior Cup

Told by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 49

His Whole World at Stake

WHEN Major left his bed very early next morning and, casting one glance back as he slipped down the Avenue, reflected on the dormitories all fast asleep, many thoughts tossed to and fro in his mind.

He wondered if so much had ever depended on the strength and speed of three pairs of legs. He wondered if, of all the strange things that must have happened at Eastborough, there had ever happened anything stranger than this.

He had renewed a clear understanding with Ripshank last evening. If he lost the race the affair would be carried to Mr. Poland. If he won it should be at an end except only for the furniture thrashing.

If he lost he lost his career in India as well, for immediately the matter was carried farther his false version, he felt sure, would tumble to pieces.

Eastborough and his chance of leaving a good name at Eastborough represented everything in his world to him. He saw it now. And that was the stake for which he was running this morning.

The last time he had run this course, nearly two years ago, how little had he dreamed that next time he ran it would be running for a stake so solemn and dreadful! And last autumn, when he was showing it to his young cousin, how little had he imagined—

Major winced. This had started a new train of thought. If he himself won what about his young cousin? Oh, well, it wasn't as if young Hendry stood in danger of expulsion. Ripshank and Winging Ann would never send him up to the school authorities. Randall felt no grievance; and, after all, young Hendry was only in his first term. No, they would probably find some way to let him off lightly.

Thus did Major, dwelling on young Hendry's conscience, endeavour to salve and silence the fret of his own.

And as he walked swiftly onward to Peewit's Hill, where, in order to avoid attracting attention, the party had to proceed and assemble singly, he fought down his haunting misgivings and studied his chances. Could he win? That he could beat any single junior over the course was a certainty so far as certainties went. But to be forced to tackle two, one after the other, and the second starting fresh where the first left off, that was a proposition appallingly different, robbing him at a stroke of his natural advantage. It did more than that, it weighed the scales against him, for, whereas he must run his race as his judgment dictated, his opponent number one could run himself out to half way, having no more to do except hand over to his successor.

Thus did Major survey his task. He would have to cover the whole course in a shorter time than two youngsters, each running his hardest, could run their respective halves of it. Put this way, it reminded him with a grim irony of those problems presented in their arithmetic books, and bitterly he lamented Ripshank's dry humour which had hit on such a one-sided sort of relay race.

But what couple had been chosen to run against him?

He had not to wait for the answer to part of this question. Nearing Peewit's Hill, he saw two figures silently waiting, one big and square, with a head as round as a bullet, the other draped in an ulster some sizes too large for him. Figure number one was undoubtedly Anning's, the companion figure was as undoubtedly Randall's.

So Puggie was the chap he must run against first. Well, he might have guessed it, he thought. But who was the other? He prayed that it was to be Pinion. Very likely it might be. For it was quite on the cards that Ripshank had not been joking when he asked Pinion if he would like to take up the gage.

With a flutter of reviving hope at this prospect, Major quickened his pace till he stood beside Anning, who gave him no greeting, but said with a scowl:

"I'm to start you. You'll find St. Pierre at Gibbet's Farm at the winning-post, and you'll find Ripshank at the top of the Roman Road to see that the other kid takes over fairly."

"And who is the other kid?" cried Major. Anning seemed to hesitate.

"You'll find out all in good time. Get your things off," he growled.

Already Puggie Randall had shed his big ulster, and was waiting, his battered face turned stolidly toward Anning, as though not even aware of Major's existence.

"He's got to run against me, but he won't speak to me."

Major writhed as the thought crossed his mind while he stripped off his own wraps. Then he looked round. Anning held out his hand for the wraps.

"I'll take them on to Gibbet's for you," he grunted. "Ready now?"

"Yes, I'm ready," said Major.

"Then—go!"

With his longer stride at once taking him to the front, Major meditated on Randall's tactics. Reckoning on Puggie's sturdy tenacity, he knew that he would bustle him for all he was worth in order to make him try to gain a long lead with the danger of exhausting himself in the process. It would never do to arrive badly blown at the Roman Road, for then the fresh runner would have him more at his mercy. But it would never do, either, to let Puggie get such advantage as would send the fresh man off with a formidable start.

So what he must try to do, as he reasoned it out, was just to keep with Puggie to the top of the Roman Road, and then trust his longer legs and comparative freshness to get in front of the second youngster, and keep there.

The only plan, the obvious plan, of campaign. But one thing—was Puggie likely to run his opponent's race? When Puggie had been running the Junior Run he had held himself in at the start with the last half to think about. But today he had no last half to hold himself in for, and, as that stubborn figure forged past his shoulder, Major realised that Puggie meant going all out—his obvious plan of campaign. This threw Major's calculations into the air and left him naught to depend on but his stamina. Well, he was in fine condition, he told himself grimly, and if Randall wanted a sprint he could have one.

So Major lengthened his stride and, with no seeming effort, left the smaller runner yards in his wake, till ere they turned off the towpath he had set a distance between them.

CHAPTER 50

The Fortune of War

IT was easy enough going now to Knagg's End, and Major swung on, delighting in his own ease and in all the freshness of early morning around him.

Birds were stirring and cheeping, the river he had just left behind was changing to silver after the first mist of dawn, new light was picking out the grey stems of the beeches, the air was filling with the faint, sweetest scent from the hedgerows, buttercups spangled the meadows beyond them like stars, while on the gentle slopes of the country which he was approaching the fields and woods had begun to bathe in the daybreak.

To Major the beauties of Nature meant a great deal, and it is certain that his spirits responded to them; but to Puggie, battling on in the rear, cloud or shine brought no change of temperament: he would have run as well in the middle of the night; in depressing surroundings as in those that heartened. He was telling himself doggedly that what he had to do now was to sprint and overtake Major at the loop by Knagg's End, and thence to hare his hardest every step of the way to the foot of the Roman Road which he'd climb without easing. If Major bustled after him so much the better, for his (Puggie's) share would be finished while Major's worst grind would be starting.

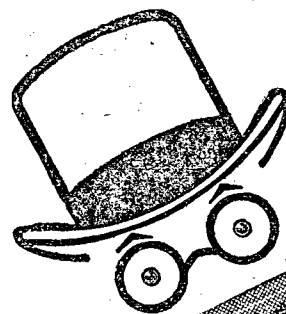
Thus it came about that as Major was loping easily along he heard the footfalls behind him grow louder and in their beat he detected a brisker quality. And presently he found Puggie's head at his shoulder, and presently, having made no effort to answer the challenge, he saw Puggie forging ahead on the straight strip of road without any symptoms of slowing down.

But Major preserved his own pace, well enough satisfied. For with every stride he had felt himself gathering strength, and knew that if he had been trained to this very hour he could not have toed the line in better condition.

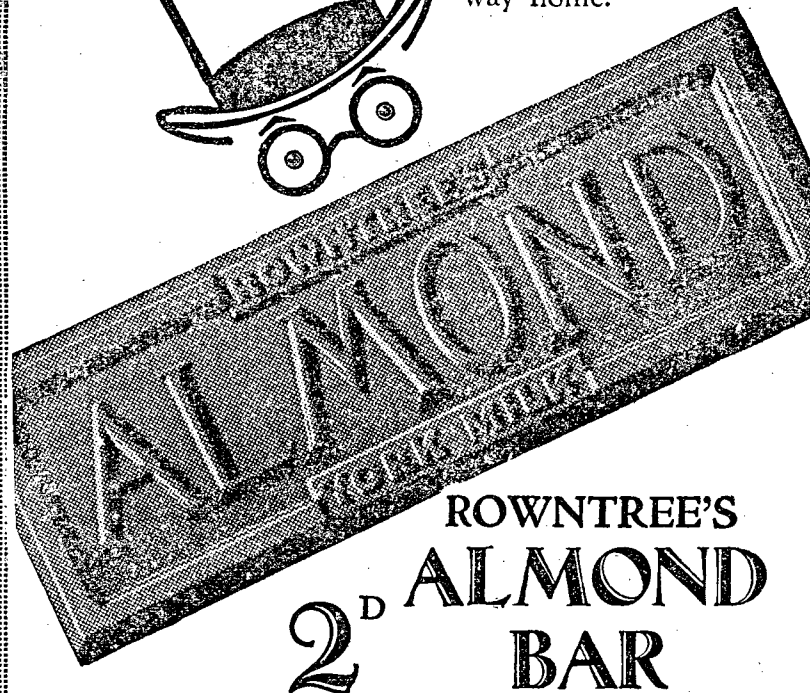
It will be noticed that Major's mood had considerably brightened, that the depression which had dogged him out of the House

Continued on the next page:

Crisp Toasted Almonds in Delicious Milk Chocolate



"It's delicious, it's new. Get some at the sweet shop on the way home."



ROWNTREE'S
2^D ALMOND
BAR

CHILDREN'S FOOD

"Barley is certainly nutritious, and the Greeks trained their athletes on it. Its richness in phosphoric acid and iron renders it particularly adapted for this."
—E. A. Parkes, one of our greatest authorities on hygiene.

CLARK'S CREAMED BARLEY not only contains an abundance of life-giving elements and tonic salts, but it presents them in the most assimilable form. It consists chiefly of pre-digested carbohydrates, which Dr. J. Milner Fothergill describes as "our great fuel-food, corresponding to the coal in the tender of the locomotive."

CLARK'S CREAMED BARLEY is a really valuable food, with a delightful and distinctive flavour. Children love it, and it is so good for them. They thrive on it, because it is so easily assimilated that it does not overtax their stomachs.

CLARK'S CREAMED BARLEY makes bright and happy children, and as it is ready to eat—with milk, cream, custard, fruit, &c.—it saves all trouble of preparation. It is a meal in a moment—life-giving and sustaining. Clark's Creamed Barley is an ideal food for all, at all times. Get a 10½d. packet from your grocer. If any difficulty, send 9d. to Clark's Creamed Barley, 72, Fleet Street, E.C.4, and 10½d. packet will be sent post free.



CLARK'S CREAMED BARLEY—Ready to eat

had been dissipated by this gorgeous morning. He felt confident of victory now; and when Puggie at the foot of the Roman Road glanced round with a derisive wave of the hand he waved his own arm airily in response. But instantly, as Puggie was shut out from view by the turn which the Roman Road took as it climbed upward, Major lengthened his stride and quickened his pace to overhaul Puggie before he should arrive at the summit.

He began to wonder now, for the first time again since the start, who the second junior would be, waiting at the top of the Roman Road to take over from Puggie. But when he had swung round into the road and was beginning its ascent this speculation was dashed from his mind by what he saw. On the uneven large boulders which make up the road, which the Romans set there much in the fashion of a stairway lest the river, boiling beside it, should wash out their pass, on these large rugged boulders, never quite dry, he saw Puggie Randall extended flat on his face, with heaving shoulders and hands that clutched at the stones.

Had Puggie tripped and hurt himself? Or was he merely blown? Major scarcely paused to inquire, but took the gifts the gods sent him. Uttering "You all right?" and, receiving a grunt, he passed on and up without a second look backward.

The top now. Who would be waiting with Ripshank here and straining like a hound on its leash to be off? Ah, but they couldn't slip the leash till Randall arrived, and he was lying finished with down below! With this triumphant reflection Major glanced toward the trees at the side and caught sight of two waiting figures.

His eye passed over Ripshank to Ripshank's companion. It was Hendry.

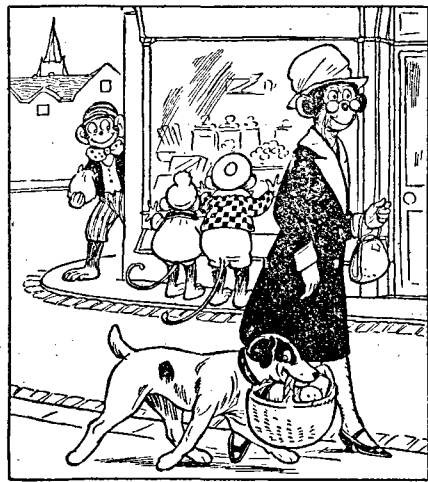
"I might have guessed it," he breathed and slackening his pace he found his gaze met full by the youngster's serene gaze. At the same moment there burst from Ripshank an exclamation of annoyance that Puggie Randall was not yet visible over the brink. This exclamation stung Major. He halted and peered down the decline.

At once his features changed to deep satisfaction.

"If you come over here where I am," he called out, "you can see your man, Ripshank. He's crawling up on all fours. He'll get here tonight or tomorrow morning."

Continued in the last column

JACKO THINKS EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY



Jacko's dog Tinker was getting such a nuisance that he had to be given away. One morning Jacko caught sight of him trotting along beside his new mistress.



Jacko looked at the bag of buns, and from the buns to the bag of rice he was carrying home. Out in a twinkling came the buns—and in went the rice!



Jacko had only to whistle and Tinker came flying to his side. "Hallo!" cried Jacko; "what have you got in that basket? They look like buns." They were buns.



Jacko took one bite, and round the corner came Father Jacko, swinging his big stick. Jacko dropped the buns—but his father didn't drop the stick!

So long!" Then, under a stab of alarm, lest the others should stretch their contract he added in a different tone altogether, "But I say? You'll play fair? You won't let Hendry start till Randall arrives?"

"Of course not!" Ripshank tossed contemptuously after him. Then, after bidding Hendry to stay where he was, he began the steep descent down the road.

He found Puggie on all fours, as Major had said, his face all a-twist with pain and exertion as he dragged himself forward on his hands and knees.

"It's nothing," he gasped out when Ripshank stooped over him. "I've only given my ankle a sort of wrench."

Ripshank would have raised him. But Puggie wouldn't have it, growling like some wounded creature at bay. "I want . . . to finish," he insisted disjunctively.

Ripshank said nothing.

"Have we still any chance . . . if I get to the top?"

"Yes," said Ripshank quietly.

"Then I'm going to," jerked Puggie, grabbing at the stones and levering his body along with his arms.

He spoke no more, keeping all his breath for his job, and, reaching the top, he raised himself on one arm and stretching out the other touched Hendry's foot. This was all that was needed. Hendry was off.

Then Ripshank lifted that loyal friend in his arms, that faithful soul who had faithfully finished his course, and, carrying him to the bank, withdrew shoe and sock and bathed the swollen ankle in water from the river. Then he strapped his clean handkerchief round with, "How does that feel?"

"Top-hole!" grunted the warrior, biting his lips. "I caught it between two stones. I'm so sorry, Ripshank."

"Tosh! You couldn't help it," said Ripshank in a queer voice.

And young Hendry in the meanwhile? How was he faring? He had rushed past that treacherous bridle-path on the right (down which he had so fatally plunged in October) and, following the loop of the lane, had come to Pope's Corner whence he saw the long stretch of ploughland dipping below him. But he saw worse than that.

For more than half-way across the ploughed stretch—nay, almost over—he detected his cousin forging along, picking his feet up cleanly and full of strong running.

TO BE CONCLUDED



Sunshine Vitamin "D" is in Sunshine GLAXO. Result is firm flesh . . . sound bone no digestive disorders ask your doctor,

IN THE WHITE TINS.

SUNSHINE GLAXO

WITH ADDED VITAMIN "D"

GLAXO, 56, OSNABURGH STREET, LONDON N.W.1.

PRIZE COMPETITION for the BEST ESSAYS on "ORANGES AND LEMONS"

Section 1.—Children under 11 on March 31, 1929.

Section 2.—Children 11 or older on March 31, 1929.

1st PRIZE £10 for the Best Essay submitted in either Section.

2nd PRIZE £5 for the Best Essay in the other Section.

(One of these prizes will go to Section 1 and the other to Section 2.)

In Each Section:

3rd Prizes - £2 each. 4th Prizes - £1 each. 5th Prizes - 10s. each.

50 Consolation Prizes of baskets of Oranges.

Special Prizes for Teachers.

Teachers of Pupils who win the First and Second Prizes will be asked to accept special awards of £2 each.

COUPON

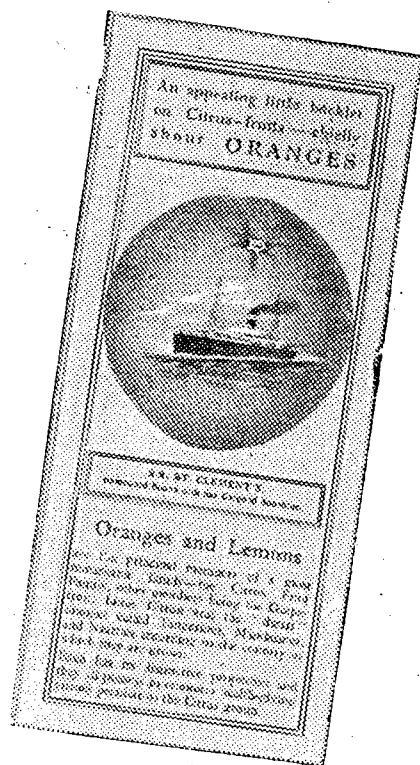
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Please send me . . . Free Booklets on the Orange together with the necessary Entry Forms for the Competition.

Name

School Address



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In connection with this Competition a Free Booklet illustrated above, is being issued containing:—

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Price 1/6 (Per post 1/8).

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ARTTS CCEGILLNOT AMPSST ADOTY

What do these four jumbled words mean? Send your solution, ask to see our approval sheets of Stamps, and enclose two penny stamps for postage, etc. If your answer is correct we will then send you ABSOLUTELY FREE 50 Austria, or 25 British Colonials, or 20 Greece, or 25 Asia, or 25 Zoological or a large surprise packet. C.N. FLORICK, 179, Asylum Rd., London, S.E.15



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CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d. Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the FLET PEN CO., 119, Fleet Street, E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLET S.F. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium, or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/- or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.



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The objects of the League are to promote health in body and mind amongst young Britons and to encourage sport. All boys and girls between the ages of seven and fifteen can become Leaguers.

THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE, AND SPLENDID PRIZES ARE AWARDED BY THE LEAGUE FOR SUCCESS IN WORK AND GAMES.

The handsome badge is the pride of every Leaguer and the symbol of "A healthy mind in a healthy body."

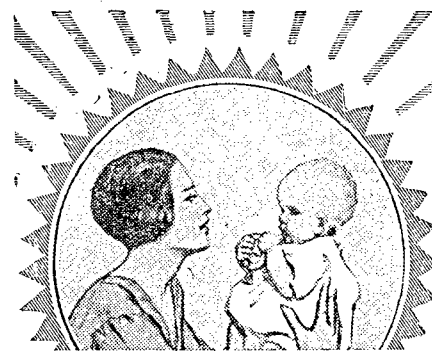
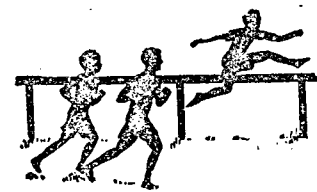
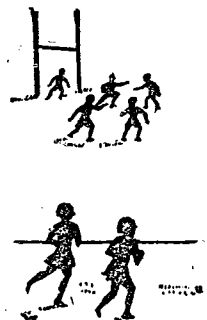
Send a postcard to-day for full particulars and free Enrolment Form to:—

The Secretary,

THE TUROG LEAGUE

Parents of Leaguers can qualify for handsome Free Gifts. Full particulars will be sent to parents of all applicants for enrolment in the League.

THE TUROG BROWN FLOUR COMPANY, CARDIFF
Branch of Spillers Limited.



MATERNITY NURSES FEED THEIR OWN BABIES ON SUNSHINE GLAXO

"Your excellent food...."

"His little face beams with delight...."

"MY own little son 9 months old was breast fed for two months. Since then he has been fed on your excellent food, and I could not wish for a better. He is good, muscular, contented and ails nothing, and when he sees his bottle of Sunshine Glaxo his little face beams with delight and every muscle is brought into play until he gets it. I consider Sunshine Glaxo is indispensable to Nursing Mothers and Infants alike."

—N.C. 332.

IN THE WHITE TINS

SUNSHINE GLAXO

WITH ADDED VITAMIN "D"

GLAXO 56, OSNABURGH STREET,
LONDON N.W.1.

Post Time is Adventure Time!

By Anita Richmond

"You're very excited, Norah. What's the matter?"

"It's time the postman came."

"But—"

"Ah, there he is." Norah jumped to her feet and ran to the front door. When she returned she bore a letter which she flourished triumphantly in her friend's face.

"It's quite an adventure nowadays," she exclaimed.

"I don't understand," said Marjorie. "Besides that letter isn't for you. It's addressed to Miss Blanche—"

"My pen name. This letter's from an editor and—"

"She tore open the envelope. 'Yes, there's a cheque. Ten beautiful guineas.'"

"For heaven's sake explain, Norah. Don't be so tantalising." Norah sank into a chair, her eyes bright with excitement. "I'm a real live authoress, Marjorie. Really I am. I've been writing now for over a year, and I've made—simply pounds. You wouldn't believe it." She pointed across the room. "See that bookcase? That cost me three hours' work—if it can be called work. Really, it's the most fascinating hobby imaginable."

"But you, Norah!" exclaimed the other in amazement. "Why, you never—"

"I know. That's the wonderful thing about it. I never dreamt I could do it, although I always longed to be able to. One day I saw an advertisement of a correspondence course in article and story writing, and sent for a copy of the prospectus."

"And you joined?"

"Eventually I did. I doubted my ability to write; but the Course people were so friendly and helpful in their letters that I plucked up courage and enrolled."

"I don't believe in those correspondence courses," said Marjorie, shaking her head.

"I didn't till I learnt more about this one. My dear, you wouldn't believe the trouble they take. I hadn't the foggiest notion how I should even start an article before I joined, yet two months afterwards the Director of Studies wrote and said that my last exercise would be up to standard if I revised it in a certain way, and he gave me a list of papers to send it to."

"Well?"

"The first paper bought it. I got two guineas. Since then I've sold nearly everything I've written."

"It's perfectly wonderful, Norah. I wish I could do it; but then, writers are born, not—"

"Rubbish! It's a matter of training. If you can write a good letter you can learn to write 'copy' for the papers—I'll tell you what I'll do, Marjorie. I'll write and get the Institute's new prospectus for you."

"The Institute?"

"The Regent Institute, Palace Gate."

"But I couldn't afford the fee, Norah."

"It's really quite reasonable, and you can pay it in instalments. You might get it back in no time. I did within five months. Do let me get that prospectus for you."

"I'll think about it."

"Take my advice, Marjorie, and act now. I wish I hadn't waited so long. I'd have earned pounds more."

"All right, Norah." Marjorie rose to her feet. She was quite enthusiastic by this time. "Let's send for it now, dear."

* * * * *

LEARN TO WRITE

Earn While You Learn

Many striking parallels to the case of Norah are to be found in the records of the Regent Institute. Some students have earned the fee several times over while taking the postal tuition in Journalism and Short Story Writing. One woman pupil reported that she had sold 55 articles within ten months of enrolment.

Cut out and post the following coupon NOW, or write a simple request for the booklet.

THE REGENT INSTITUTE

(Dept. 288A), Regent House, Palace Gate, London, W.8

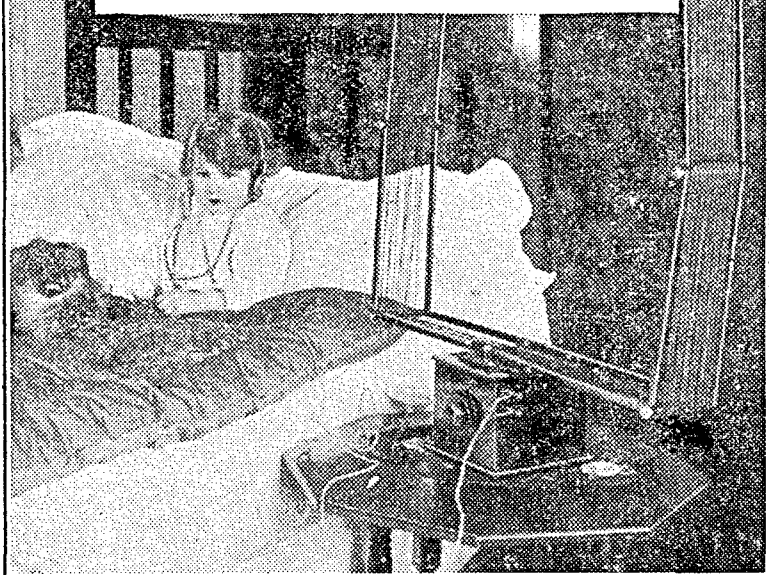
Please forward "How to Succeed as a Writer" (free and post free), which describes the openings for new contributors, and the special advantages of your postal training.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

HERE'S A WONDERFUL WIRELESS SET YOU CAN WORK YOURSELF!



IT'S called the "Crystaframe." You can carry it from room to room, and into the garden, too. All you have to do is turn a knob. At once you hear the music—loud and clear. *Anyone* can work it! Tell Father about this wonderful Wireless Set. Tell him there are no valves to break, no batteries to recharge—nothing to go wrong.

SEVEN DAYS' TRIAL

Tell him, too, that, complete with aerial and headphones, its price is £3 10 0, and that it will be sent from Head Office for ONE WEEK'S TRIAL to any address, and money will be refunded if not satisfied.

Brown

"CRYSTAFRAME"



The Life Story of the PRINCE OF WALES

Every girl admires the Prince of Wales. Here is an opportunity to learn more about him. His life story commences in this week's SCHOOL-DAYS—the favourite paper of the modern schoolgirl. It is profusely illustrated with photographs of the Prince's childhood and youth, and will tell many hitherto unknown facts and stories about our well-beloved Prince.

SCHOOL-DAYS

Buy a Copy Today, 2d.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered weekly at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 16, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

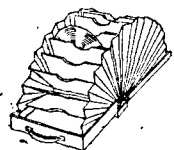
A Charade

My first is myself displayed to your view;
My second, my sons, full grown and true;
My third, more for use than for show being found,
Keep, humble and lowly, quite close to the ground;
My whole will remind you of hopes and of fears,
The joys and the woes of past days and years. *Answer next week*

Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patent illustrated here.

A Case for Gramophone Records. The increasing popularity of portable gramophones has created the demand for an easy method of carrying the records. Here is a useful case which can be used for both storing and



carrying them. In outward appearance it is like an attaché case. Inside it consists of a series of pockets, pleated and arranged in a fan shape, which open out when the lid is raised, as the picture shows.

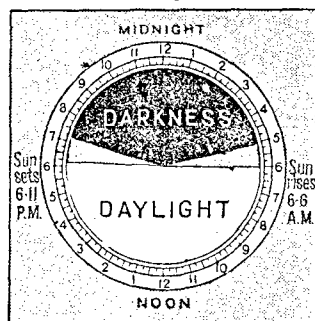
Groups of Animals

WHEN a number of people are together we speak of them as a crowd, but various terms are used to describe groups of animals and birds. Everyone knows of a swarm of bees, a flock of sheep, and so on, but here are some that are less familiar.

A sounder of boars. A muster of peacocks. A skulk of foxes. A building of rooks. A siege of herons. A cast of hawks. A rout of wolves.

A watch of nightingales. A cete of badgers. A pride of lions. A desert of lapwings. A skein of geese. A festyning of ferrets. A nest of rabbits.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE pied wagtail's spring note is heard. The magpie builds its nest. The pipistrelle bat is seen on the wing. The banded snail comes into the open. The humble-bee appears. Aspen, blue navelwort, and common elm are blossoming. Syringa, lilac, dog-rose, black-currant, and weeping willow are coming into leaf.

What Shakespeare Meant

IN Hamlet we read "Who would fardels bear." A fardel originally meant a bundle or parcel, but later anything that was cumbersome or troublesome.

We find in Henry IV "The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes of burning cressets." A cresset was a fire in an open iron cage, set in a beacon or carried on a pole.

In Timon of Athens we read "It is the pasture lards the rother's sides." Rother was an old name for an ox.

Ici On Parle Français



Le berger Un écureuil Un timbre-poste
Le bon berger garde ses moutons.
Les écureuils adorent les noisettes.
Il fait collection de timbres-poste.

Jumbled Towns

WHEN the following groups of letters are paired off correctly they will form the names of eight well-known towns.

Swan. Ton. Port. Black. New. Sea. Stock. Burn. Hampton. Pool. Ley. End. Ing. South. Read. North. *Answer next week*

Is Your Name Lovelace?

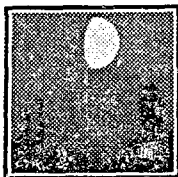
THIS is really a compound of the two words love and less, and is a corrupted spelling of Loveless, probably a description given to an ancestor of the Lovelaces on account of some incident or characteristic of his life.

An Enigma

I AM heard in the silence, nor lost in the sound;
I am found in a square, though not in a round;
I am seen in the sunshine, descend in the shower;
I am found in the stalk, but not in the flower;
I am always in spirits, and never know care;
I am found with the spy, but not the betrayer;
I end all your sorrows, commence every strife,
But am perfectly strange both to death and to life. *Answer next week*

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus, Jupiter, and Uranus are in the South-West, Mars is in the South, and Neptune South-East. In the morning Saturn is in the South-East and Mercury is in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 p.m. on March 20.



A Milk Problem

AN unscrupulous dairyman had a churn containing 20 gallons of milk. He took out a certain quantity and poured it into another churn of the same size.

The second churn he filled with water, after which he filled the first one with the mixture. He then found that if one-third of what was in the first churn was placed in the second there would be equal quantities of milk in each. What was the amount of milk first taken out? *Answer next week*

Changeling

B	E	A	T
L	O	S	E



Change the word Beat into Lose with only four intervening links: altering one letter at a time and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you. *Answer next week*

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Soldiers and Sailors
200 sailors and 1050 soldiers.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

P	L	E	A	S	E	V	E	R	A	L
R	A	T	E	S	O	W	N	L	A	T
A	D	O	A	C	A	D	E	M	Y	A
Y	S	N	O	W	I	S	I	S	O	R
T	O	V	A	I	N	D	T	I	N	
P	A	R	T	A	K	E	L	E	V	E
L	I	R	A	E	B	O	R	E	R	A
A	N	Y	E	N	D	O	W	A	S	P
N	T	R	E	S	O	W	P	L	E	A

A Word Square
SOLID
OBSE
LEAST
I SSUE
D ETER

A Charade.
Ward-robe.
Who Was He?
The Painter of Pageants was Richard Jefferies.

Dr. MERRYMAN

An Alarming Clock

MR. SMITH was staying at a small hotel and wished to catch a train early next morning. So he asked for an alarm clock.

"Here it is, sir," said the maid as she brought it in. "It's rather old and the works sometimes jam; but if it doesn't go off just touch the little hammer and it'll ring all right."

The Call of the Comb



ONE night we lost our Teddy Bear, And next day (instinct's funny) We found him sitting on a shelf Beside a pot of honey!

Just In Time

AN American snob was bragging outrageously.

"Yes," he said. "My ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

"Lucky man, aren't you?" said the decent American.

"You think so, eh?" said the snob, feeling flattered.

"I do; the immigration laws are so very much stricter nowadays, aren't they?"

A Tale of Two Tails

HE was a rat, and she was a rat, And down in one hole they did dwell, And both were as black as a witch's cat, And they loved one another well.

He had a tail, and she had a tail, Both long and curling and fine; And each said, "Yours is the finest tail in the world, excepting mine."

He smelled the cheese, and she smelled the cheese, And they both pronounced it good; And both remarked it would greatly add To the charms of their daily food.

So he ventured out, and she ventured out, And I saw them go with pain; But what befell them I never can tell, For they never came back again.



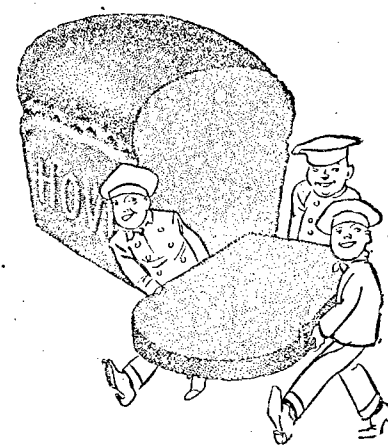
TIP-TOP QUALITY TOFFEE

Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee started at the top of the toffee class and has remained there ever since. Always gains full marks for purity and excellence of flavour. Everyone likes it, for everyone likes the best that money can buy.

6^p PER 1/4 lb.

From all confectioners, either by weight or in dainty containers.

E. Sharp & Sons, Ltd., Maidstone.



The Children's Choice

HOVIS provides vital nourishment for building sturdy young bodies and growing frames. Give the children HOVIS because they like it and because it is so good for them.

HOVIS

Best Bakers Bake it.

HOVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

BILLY the goat lived at a big farm. He was born there. Although he was of no real use everybody liked him. He was allowed to go anywhere he chose and was a general favourite.

In the morning he was usually to be found on a little hill near the farm. He liked nibbling at the rough grass and the thorns that grew on the waste land. By midday he was to be seen wandering round the farmyard.

One would have thought by the airs he gave himself that the place belonged to him. He walked beside the milkmaid when she went to milk the cows. He watched the fowls being fed. Sometimes he nibbled daintily

at the grain thrown to them. He was friendly with all the ploughmen though sometimes they teased him. But Billy always kept his temper. He would merely toss his head with a twinkle in his funny pale eyes.

One day a visitor arrived at the farm in a beautiful new motor-car. Instead of going up the drive to the house he ran the car into the farmyard.

There was nobody about when the visitor arrived. There were no animals to be seen. Even the hens were away in the fields. So the gentleman left his car and went along to the house, which was some distance away.

Half an hour later Billy strolled into the farmyard. He saw the beautiful car and

walked up leisurely to inspect it. As he got nearer he saw his own reflection in the shiny surface. Now Billy had never seen his own face before; he thought that the reflection was another goat.

For the first time in his life he was furious.

"Here is another goat on my premises," he thought. "I must fight him."

And fight him he did. With lowered head he drove at the car with his powerful horns.

Crash!

The other goat seemed to be still there, unharmed. Billy butted again.

There was another crash.

One side of the car was now badly dented. The reflection was not quite so clear. Billy

inspected the other side. There again was the face of the strange goat. Once more Billy charged gallantly. Crash!

The owner of the car was talking to the farmer in the house. "What is that noise?" asked the farmer. "Let us go and see."

When they came into the farmyard they saw Billy hard at work battering the beautiful car to pieces.

The owner was very angry. He did not understand that Billy had a good reason for his conduct. He wanted to kill Billy. But the farmer, though vexed, quite saw Billy's point of view. So Billy was spared. But no other car has since ventured into his domain.